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BRITAIN'S ALLY: THE GERMAN EMPEROR AS A FIELD-MARSHAL OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

Drawn by H. W. Koekkoek.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

I am still wrapt in wonder at the elastic energy of the British Constitution. Venerable as it is, there is no stiffness in its joints, and it skips through predicaments that might paralyse a younger country than ours. Are you aware that between the death of Queen Victoria and the opening of Parliament by King Edward there was, in a manner of speaking, no such thing as the House of Lords? I understand that the official who is known to fame as Deputy Black Rod issued invitations for the Parliamentary ceremonial with grim indifference to the convenience of our old nobility. He filled the red benches of the House of Peers with ladies, and left mere Earls and Barons to take pot-luck. They could not demand seats, for until the King had delivered the Speech from the Throne they had no right to any. The ladies and Deputy Black Rod were alone entitled to perform the act of what Dizzy would have called simpering in the Gilded Saloon. You may search Statutes in vain for any warranty of this. The Constitution does not express itself in Statutes. It gambols by tradition, and Deputy Black Rod interprets it by the light of usages which humble citizens like you and me have never heard of.

The ladies who ousted the Peers were arrayed, of course, in Court mourning; but if you imagine that they were not otherwise restricted as to wherewithal they should be clothed, you know our Constitution but imperfectly. A ban was laid on velvet, brocade, and satin. It was ordained that dresses should be made of "dull silk or woollen material." Had the most persuasive woman in Christendom presented herself in black brocade, Deputy Black Rod would have sternly forbidden her to enter. The Constitution dictated not only the colour of mourning, but even the textile fabrics meet for the solemnity of this occasion. Here is an opportunity for our foreign critics to show what an atmosphere of tyranny we gasp in. That keen observer, M. Taine, was good enough to say that under the morality of the Briton he perceived the ferocity of the brute. "In this land of vaunted liberty," some other candid friend may write, "the dresses of the women are ordered by the Government; and beauty, to which black satin would be most becoming, is doomed to look dowdy in dull silk." Some French commentator may ask why the ladies in the Gilded Saloon did not imitate the example of the Kansas women who have been smashing the drinking-bars. If the red benches of the House of Lords had been cut to ribbons with scissors, Deputy Black Rod might have quailed.

Do you marvel that our Constitution needs a lot of explanation to the foreigner? A certain Mr. Bourke Cochrane, who, I believe, is a politician in New York, took occasion lately to give King Edward VII. a piece of advice. The King, said Mr. Cochrane, must either reverse the British policy in South Africa, or else sink to the level of a Sovereign who "reigns but does not rule." Mr. Cochrane's judgment in foreign politics seems to have some weight with his fellow-citizens, for I find in one of the principal journals in New York an article that earnestly strives to dissuade him from pressing this opinion on King Edward VII. The writer points out that a Constitutional monarch cannot reverse a policy that has been ratified by Parliament and the nation. Evidently there was some apprehension in New York lest King Edward should lend an ear to Mr. Cochrane's sinister counsel. The situation was all the more perilous because it was known that Mr. Richard Croker, of Tammany Hall, was concealed somewhere in England. Who could feel sure that Mr. Croker was not actually hatching a plot in the Tower of London (where Queen Victoria used to tremble at the eloquence of Mr. Jefferson Brick) against the Constitution under which we call ourselves free men?

Some Germans, I notice, are disposed to regard it as a Kaiser-trap. The Kaiser spent a fortnight in its society, and became a British Field-Marshal and one of the most popular men in these islands. Who would have ventured to predict four years ago that he would be rapturously cheered in the London streets? Bismarck used to say that one of his greatest tasks was to wean the German mind from traditional deference to British authority; and yet here is our Constitution, like a wicked a spell over the Kaiser until he actually sings the praises of Wellington and Lord Roberts! With tearful remonstrance, one Teutonic journal reminds him that Blücher saved Wellington at Waterloo. Well, it was agreed that during the Kaiser's stay in England this delicate question should not be discussed between him and the Commander-in-Chief. As a British Field-Marshal he could not press the historic claims of Blücher to a distinction which our insular pride has obstinately disputed. Now you see the artfulness of the Constitution! King Edward sent for Deputy Black Rod, and said, "The only trouble about the Kaiser's visit is that, at any moment, he may demand some public recognition of Blücher-probably a column in Trafalgar Square a trifle higher than Nelson's. Now what is to be done?" "Nothing simpler, your Majesty," replied Deputy Black Rod. "Let his Majesty the Emperor be made a British Field-Marshal, and he won't think of Blücher-at least, not till he gets home again and reads the German papers." I have excellent private reasons for believing that this is how a very ticklish affair was managed. It is no secret that the Kaiser and Deputy Black Rod were giving each other points all the time; and it is even whispered that the distinction between black velvet and dull silk in the House of Lords is the Kaiser's contribution to our Parliamentary etiquette, although Deputy Black Rod won't admit it.

I regret that such a theme has to be celebrated in plain prose. The Kaiser's visit has not given birth to a single ode. Popular sentiment found its best expression in the remark of a Cockney artisan when the crowd gave the Kaiser a parting cheer at Charing Cross. Some little argument arose about German policy, and the Cockney said: "Don't ye make no bloomin' mistake about 'im. I'll tell yer wot'e is. 'E's a Man!" An eloquent and judicious tribute; but why can't we have it in verse? Will anyone pretend that our bards, who are numerous enough, have given commanding voice to the national emotion? Tennyson, had he lived, might have written something that would have been on every lip; but, although the bards have poured out verse enough, none of it is worth remembering. It is a melancholy fact that the end of the Victorian Era finds no singer who can tune his lyre to its manifold achievements so as to hold the ear of the world. One poet, whose official position demanded an effort, began some perfunctory lines on the Queen's death with a question—"Can it be?" The dejected reader murmured, "It can!" and did not pursue the strain.

Why this dearth of inspiration? Half the energy devoted to a correspondence in the *Spectator* about the definition of "a gentleman" might have produced a considerable poem. Bodily weakness, perhaps, accounts for the silence of the genius who wrote "Lachrymæ Musarum," and those superb lines of farewell to Tennyson that I am never tired of quoting—

And now from our vain plaudits greatly fled, He with diviner silence dwells instead. Upon no earthly sea with transient roar, Unto no earthly air he trims his sail, But, far beyond our vision and our hail, Is heard for over and is seen no more.

If the bards had buckled to, and written something as good as that about Victoria and her epoch! But no; the flood of cultivated emotion rolls over the editor of the Spectator, with assurances as strong as Chaucer and Thackeray can make them, that it is not blue blood which creates the "gentleman." One correspondent had asserted that no one can be called a gentleman whose family is "tainted with trade," You must have a pedigree, and a scutcheon, and a landed estate. Here was the hue-and-cry that correspondents of the Spectator dearly love. They wrote columns and columns, but had not quite settled the precise degree of manners with which a gentleman must polish his kind heart, when the poor editor cried, "Hold, enough!"

Such a theme needs the inspired touch of the poet who used to write in the "agony column" of the Times. Sorely have I missed Jane Oakley's Muse of late. Once she did me the honour to write a poem at my request. Will not my lament over the poverty of our nightingales draw her gently from her retirement? world is not so rich in optimists that we can spare her quality of perseverance. I can trace her influence abroad. A gentleman in Africa must have been persuaded by her poems that the English cling to the bright side of life, or he would never have advertised for sale in the Times a "Baby Hippopotamus." He thinks we are just the people to make this animal the pet of boudoirs and the cynosure of conversaziones. I have read a story somewhere, in which an African traveller brings home a highly intelligent baboon for the purpose of teaching him the beauties of our civilisation. There are earnest people quite prepared, I am sure, to train the Baby Hippopotamus to grunt fiercely at the name of Kitchener, and show extravagant delight at the mention of De Wet.

But the Times has its pessimists. There is the lady who signs nerself "Cassandra." She has traced all the national ills to our bad handwriting. If you write a more or less illegible hand, that is a proof of indifference to your responsibilities. I wonder how many distinguished persons in history would stand condemned for incapacity or culpable negligence if they were subjected to this test. "Cassandra" gravely proposes as a remedy that any written request in a bad hand shall be severely disregarded. So if you send your cigar-merchant a handsome order, which he can barely decipher, he is to intimate that he cannot execute it until you have reformed your penmanship. I can imagine an even deadlier ultimatum from my printer; indeed, my transparent object in writing this is to dissuade him from taking "Cassandra" too seriously. I venture to suggest that one may write a villainous hand and yet be a good citizen. At school most of us learn to write legibly and even picturesquely; and if we lose this virtue in later life it is because the brain becomes too cunning for the hand. Why does not "Cassandra" call upon Parliament to pass a short Act compelling every adult to use a typewriter?

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"TWELFTH NIGHT," AT HER MAJESTY'S.

If Mr. Tree's, no less than Mr. Daly's or Mr. Benson's, revival of "Twelfth Night" may decide the point, it is the sentiment, still fresh despite hackneyed lines, rather than the humours, hardly so full-bodied in the playhouse as in the reader's study, that retain for this fantastically romantic comedy its place on the modern stage. Mr. Tree's rendering of the play, it is true, has the inestimable advantage of a superb elocutionist and sensitive actor in its representation of that model lover, Orsino, Mr. Robert Taber, to wit, as well as of an irresistibly charming, graceful, and intelligent heroine in Miss Lily Brayton's youthful and vivacious Viola. Yet, though Miss Maud Jeffries makes a dignified and vivacious, but otherwise rather colourless, Olivia, it cannot be said that the famous comic rôles of the play are in aught but excellent keeping. That famous quartette of conspirators—the jovial and bibulous Sir Toby, the fatuous knight Aguecheek, the frolicsome chambermaid Maria, and the pleasant singing clown Feste—all obtain from Mr. Lionel Brough, Mr. Norman Forbes, Miss Zeffie Tilbury, and Mr. Courtice Pounds respectively admirable representation. Mr. Tree's own impersonation, again — that of the pretentious and self - complacent precisian, Malvolio, so cruelly exposed to universal laughter, is thoroughly plausible, ingenious, and amusing, though verging on the side which is mock-tragic rather than serio-comic. The actor's emphatic accentuation of the pomposity of the steward and of his ultimate wild despair have excellent warrant in the text. Meantime, Mr. Tree has furnished his revival with a superb setting (Mr. Hawes Craven's splendid stage-picture of Olivia's formal Italian garden deserves more than a passing word of commendation), as well as fresh music (prepared by Mr. Andrew Levey) for the incidental lyrics. The latter, as suppressing certain famous old melodies, is doubtful policy; but it is an instance of the care which the manager of Her Majesty's has lavished on a production which gives every pro

"THE AWAKENING," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

Charming, perhaps, but still disappointing, is Mr. Haddon Chambers' new St. James's play, "The Awakening." It is a mere milk-and-water problem-drama, in which the hero, a professional amorist, is something of a cad and more of a bore, and the heroine, an innocent brought up in ignorance of the world, belongs to that type of preposterously naïve schoolgirl which dramatists affect and playgoers never meet. In work of this sort everything is sacrificed to a strong situation, but somehow the scene in which Mr. Chambers' young girl discovers the philandering tendencies of her supposed Bayard falls flat, while the inevitable reconciliation, eked out by patently intruded comic relief, seems altogether tame and unconventional. Of course there is another woman to whom the hero has made love—a jealous woman, who, on the death of her husband, demands marriage from her lover, and, when refused, tells her story to her poor little rival. It is this hysterical creature who is the playwright's most cleverly drawn character, though there is some admirable fun in incidental scenes of the philanderer's career, and in a laggard simpleton's timid courtship of a hearty and kindly girl, the one really pleasant person in the story. Mr. Chambers, however, has tried to write an innocent play round the triangular situation, and to repress his own sensational proclivities. The result is not encouraging, though he has provided Miss Gertrude Kingston, as the jealous grass-widow, with a strong emotional rôle, and Mr. H. B. Irving, and especialty Miss Granville, with delightful comic rôles—nay, though he has fitted Mr. Alexander and Miss Fay Davis, as amorist and ingénue, with just the parts in which they can exploit their agreeable personalities.

"A CIGARETTE-MAKER'S ROMANCE," AT THE COURT.

A harrowingly sentimental story and a sympathetically picturesque rôle—such, to judge from "The Only Way," are Mr. Martin Harvey's demands from a new play; and he has obtained these requisites and quite possibly a popular success in Mr. Hannan's adaptation of Mr. Marion Crawford's novel, "A Cigarette - Maker's Romance." Strictly melodramatic as is the latest Court production; almost puerile, with its soliloquies and its stage villainies, as is this simple drama's technique, it can yet claim an interesting plot turning on a man's forgetting his identity, and an original atmosphere, that of a Continental cigarette-factory. It is in such a squalid factory that we find a Russian Count, who, from an accident, cannot give his own name or history; here that we find the inevitable villain (usurper of the hero's title) pursuing and striving to ruin even further his rival. The poor Count quits work each Wednesday, expecting home news; and one day—the day of his enemy's coming—is so sure of friends' arrival that he agrees to pay his virulent employer a certain "debt of honour," and waits up till midnight for the longed-for guests. This scene, however, wherein, too, his humble sweetheart—solicited, of course, by the villain—borrows from her comrades, and even sells her own lovely hair to pay her lover's debt, is too long-drawn-out an agony; and a third act, describing a foiled attempt to imprison the hero as a lunatic, brings on almost too late the hero's friends and a happy ending.

During a case heard recently in Dublin before the Lord Chief Justice and a special jury, one of the defendants is reported to have said that such a thing as Cognac made from Cognac grapes exclusively did not exist on the market. Messrs. J. Hennessy and Co. and Martell and Co., referring to the above, write to us as follows: "Cognac, as everyone knows, is a town, not a vineyard, and the Cognac district has always been recognised as comprising the departments of the Charente and Charente Inférieure, a geographical, not a qualitative distinction. No fear need be entertained on the score of the supply of good Cognac brandy at moderate prices, for the vineyards have been extensively replanted, and the stocks of pure brandy in the hands of the Cognac shippers are larger than they have been at any time since the visitation of the district by the phylloxera."

The "Ysaye Quartet" was only heard once on Saturday afternoon at the St. James's Hall; they began the concert programme with a posthumous quartet in E flat of Beethoven, a string quartet that would be described by the average amateur as "very classical." It certainly demands acute attention to appreciate the singular beauty of its form, and it must be remembered that in this work Beethoven reached his highest mark as a writer of chamber - music. The ensemble was smooth, well balanced, and brilliant. M. Ysaye chose for his solos three pieces by his great predecessor, the Belgian violinist, Wieniawski. It may be more accurate, if a little pedantic, to qualify the description "Belgian" by saying Wieniawski left his native land at the age of eight-for by birth he was a Pole-studied in Paris, and succeeded Vieuxtemps at the Conservatoire in Brussels. The first of the three solos bracketed together the "Legende," had been heard before at the Saturday Popular Concerts, but the others were new. Wieniawski was first of all a marvellous violinist and then a very ordinary composer and analysenous violinist and then a very ordinary composer, a composer that sought to serve his violin and afford it every chance and trick of virtuoso playing. To the average person the effect is a bewildering trifling with one fanciful motif after another, and an absence of sequence in composition. Still, it is forgivable when the compositions are entrusted to the interpretation of a genius like M. Ysaye. His technical work was never better, nor the fire and enthusiasm greater. Miss Evelyn Suart was the pianist, and she has become a great favourite with the "Popular" audiences. She chose two very severe academic rhapsodies of Brahms, one in B minor and one in G minor; and played them with a fine style and distinction. The biographer of Brahms, Deiter, describes their chief char-A new singer, Madame Matja von Miessen-Stone, sang two songs of Brahms, and the "Erl König" of Schubert. She has a sweet, pure voice, very highly trained, and sang with great refinement and charm of expression. Miss Evelyn Suart, M. Ysaye, and M. Jacob played a trio of Saint-Saëns in F major, a trio that is very well known and fairly popular.

In the Queen's Hall on Saturday last a large audience overflowed to hear Lady Hallé play after her recent illness. They were rewarded; for the delightful violinist was at her very best, enthusiastic, and having all of her old purity-and sincerity of tone. She played in the violin concerto in D of Brahms, and persuaded the audience that they widersted it perfectly by hydrogical with all the heavity of understood it perfectly by bringing out all the beauty of melody that sometimes seems hidden under the intellectual form of this concerto, and so much of Brahms's compositions. Mr. Wood's orchestra played the popular symphony in E of Tschaikowsky, and a triumphal march of Wagner. Miss Florence Schmidt was the vocalist.

Miss Evelyn Suart gave a delightful recital at the St. James's Hall on Feb. 5, playing some seventeen pieces, and even giving graciously an encore. Her style is very charming, quiet, unaffected and refined; and her touch is beautiful. Her strength is hardly equal to prestissimo passages at times; nor are her most intricate runs infallibly clear; but the strain on so young a pianist is enormous. In Chopin she is at her best, and she played two little "études" of Poldini that were very graceful, and the quaint rhythmical "prélude" of Rachmaninoff, with its robust opening chords and its haunting melody.

Mr. Algernon Lindo's concert, transferred on account of the general mourning from Feb. 4, was held on Feb. 11, and, in consequence, Madame Bertha Moore took the place of Miss Hortense Paulsen. Though the vocalist was suffering from a cold, it did not prevent her singing in a finished style with a clear symmethetic rejection. in a finished style, with a clear, sympathetic voice, two songs of Mr. Lindo's, "A Farewell" and "Love's Choice." The first was pathetic and the second song very bright, and each is a very fair example of the very bright, and each is a very fair example of the popular ballad-song. Mr. Lindo played some solos delightfully; and a duet of his, sung by Mr. Courtice Pounds and Mr. Richard Green, "There is no one like Phillis," was warmly received. Mr. Courtice Pounds sang twice: once his own setting of "Go, lovely Rose," and F. Korbay's dramatic setting of "My heart is like a singing-bird," The concert finished with a bright little lyrical cantata of Mr. Lindo's, scored for female voices, and called "Thyra." There were some pretty melodies in the trios and solos, and Madamo Bertha Moore sang the leading trios and solos, and Madame Bertha Moore sang the leading

Mr. Korbay brought his three causeries to an end on Thursday, Feb. 7, in Lord Leighton's studio. His last Thursday, Feb. 7, in Lord Leighton's studio. His last one was, unfortunately, marred considerably by the severity of the weather. It did not, however, prevent much pleasure being derived from Miss Duff's rendering of Liszt's song, "There was a King of Thule," with her deep contralto notes. Mr. Maxwell also sang four songs delightfully, especially "Enfant, si j'étais Roi." Mr. Francis Korbay gave a fascinating, scrappily discursive lecture on Liszt, "The man, the pianist, the tone-poet," full of personal reminiscences and anecdotes. M. I. H. anecdotes.

One of the latest additions to periodical literature is the Orchestral Times and Military Brass Band Record, which is edited by Mr. J. Henry Iles, the well-known musical authority. The contents deal with subjects of vital interest to conductors and bandmasters, and the moderate cost (twopence) places the publication within the reach of all.

The Great Central Railway Company has arranged to run cheap excursion trains to Leicester, Nottingham, Sheffield, Penistone, Stockport, Warrington, Liverpool, Guide Bridge, and Manchester during February and March. Particulars of the dates, etc., can be obtained at Marylebone Station, at the Company's Receiving Offices, and of Masser Days and Depart 55 Charles Grees. and of Messrs. Dean and Dawson, 55, Charing Cross, Trafalgar Square.

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THE ARCH OF CERES: ERECTED BY THE GRAIN-MERCHANTS.



Photo. Web, Kingston.
THE ARCH OF THE FRENCH COMMUNITY.



THE COLONIAL SOLDIERS GREET THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE HOME FORCES:
THE MILITARY ARCH.



THE OLD REPUBLIC GREETS THE NEW COMMONWEALTH: THE ARCH OF THE AMERICAN COMMUNITY.

THE INAUGURATION OF THE AUSTRALIAN COMMONWEALTH: CELEBRATIONS AT SYDNEY.

Drawings by C. H. Hunt, Sydney.



SYDNEY ILLUMINATED: THE CITY VIEWED FROM THE NORTH SHORE ON COMMONWEALTH NIGHT.



SYDNEY POST-OFFICE ILLUMINATED.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND'S WEDDING.

The marriage of Queen Wilhelmina with Duke Henry of Mecklenburg-Schwerin was solemnised at the Hague on Thursday, Feb. 7, with the dual civil and religious ceremony prescribed by law. From the dark hours the city was astir, the trann of passing feet awaking these where was astir, the tramp of passing feet awaking those whose sleep had extended to daybreak. By good luck the sun

shone that morning, and even when it rose the routo between the Palace and the church was already crowded. At half - past eleven the Minister of Justice, attended by seven witnesses, entered the White Room of the Palace for the brief civil ceremony. The bridegroom, accompanied by the Grand Duchess Marie, Duke Adolf of Mecklenburg, and the Prince of Waldeck and Pyrmont, entered the room; while the bride, with whom were the Queen - mother, the Court Chamberlains, and the Ladies-in-Waiting, made another procession from the Red Room to the White, where they were eagerly awaited. The signing and attesting did not take many minutes, and then the company descended the great staircase to the the great starcase to the drawing-room, to be conducted thence to the carriages by officers of the Household. The procession, led by Hussars and Heralds, set forth shortly after noon. The royal guests, in carriages drawn by six horses, had the warm greetings of the multitude; but the longpent-up enthusiasm of the

people for their Queen
found full vent when the
golden coach - of - state,
drawn by eight thoroughbred horses, ridden by
postilions, drew the Queen, her mother, and Duke
Henry—already her lawful husband—along their ranks. Herry—aiready her lawful husband—along their ranks. Her Majesty bowed right and left, while her consort maintained an air of happy dignity under the rather difficult circumstances of not appearing by salutations to accept those of the crowd as intended partly for himself, and not entirely, as he modestly preferred to think, for the Queen. The Church of St. Jacques, better known as the Groote Kerk, or Great Church, is a massive Gothic huilding deting from the Farly Reformation period. Gothic building dating from the Early Reformation period. It is very plain in its decorations, and it retains the highbacked pews which English towns and parishes have been so busily demolishing these many years. It has a hexagon tower, which quarrels in style with its Gothic nave. A

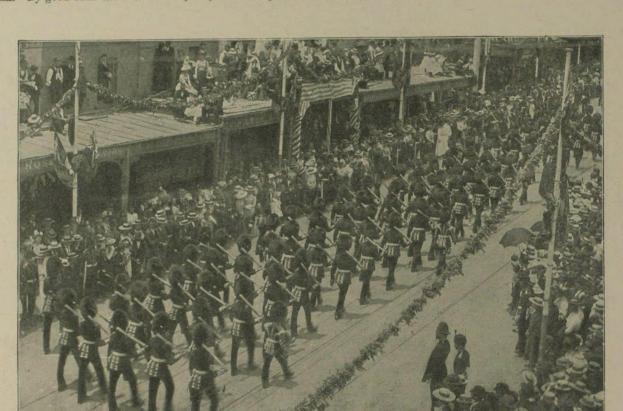
deputation of the Dutch Reformed Church received the Queen at the south - east door, and then the royal procession entered the aisle, the Grand Duchess Marie, the Duke's mother, being conducted by Prince Vladimir, and the Queen-Mother by Prince Albert of Prussia. It seems needless to add, with the conscientious tele-graphic report, that "the church was crowded" but a point worth noting is that Sir Henry Howard and the ladies of the British Legation laid aside their English Court mourning as unsuited to the happy occasion. The ceremony lasted for nearly half an hour - a short prayer from M. van der Flier, a hymn, an ex-hortation on matrimony, and then the reading of the marriage service, which resembles that of the Church of England. When the question was put to which the English bride falters "Yes," the Queen's "Ja" was heard clearly all over the church.

Then bride and

bridegroom put a ring on each other's finger, and after a prayer, another address and another hymn, the royal couple were driven back to the Palace amid the people's cheers.

AUSTRALIAN COMMONWEALTH CELEBRATIONS.

The Australian mail brings us pictures of the Common-wealth celebrations on Jan. 1. The ceremonial began in Sydney with a procession through the streets to



INAUGURATION OF THE AUSTRALIAN COMMONWEALTH: THE GUARDS PASSING DOWN OXFORD STREET, SYDNEY.

the pavilion put up for the day in Centennial Park. Thronged and decorated were the streets through which passed the procession representative of the various Australian Colonies and of the Mother Country, and of her other Colonies and Dependencies. It was two miles long, and its triumphant passage occupied an hour past any given point. After Lord Hopetoun had taken the oath and signed the Proclamation, the Federal Ministers, with Mr. Barton to lead them, were sworn in. Then the Governor-General read a message, forwarded by Mr. Chamberlain from Queen Victoria, in which her Majesty expressed her heartfelt interest in the inauguration of the Commonwealth, and her hope that under Divine Providence, it might ensure increased well-being and prosperity to her beloved subjects in Australia. THE GARTER FOR THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE.

At Osborne, during the days which immediately followed At Osborne, during the days which immediately followed the death of Queen Victoria, the King conferred on the German Crown Prince the Order of the Garter. The King touched on the right chord when he said that he wished to express to the German Emperor "sincere thanks for having come at a moment's notice to this country to assist in tending and watching over the Queen, and remaining with her till her last moments." The

inference from that day's doings is as happy as it is an obvious one. It is nothing less than a "further strengthening of the good feeling which exists between the two great countries," coupled with a hope, ex-pressed by the King, that they "may go forward hand in hand with the high object of ensuring peace and promoting the advance of the civilisation of the world.'

OUR CHINESE PICTURES.

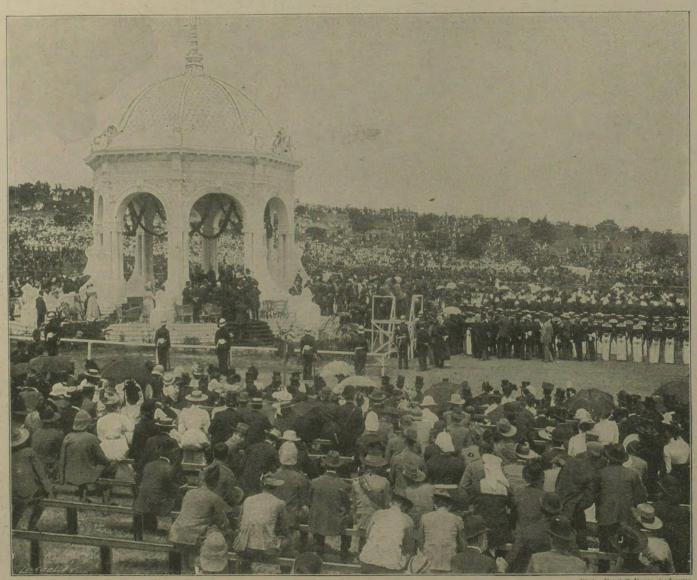
While diplomacy still wages its slow fight between the Powers and the Chinese Government, a great many little local acts of pacifica-tion are performed day by day wherever John China-man comes into contact with the Allies. If gifts would soothe the West, gifts would not be want-France need not return its consignments of loot if only France would agree to the annulment of that clause in the Terms of Peace which demands the death penalty for certain distinguished culprits. The Court cannot bring

itself to the countersigning of those death-warrants of its very assiduous servants. Meanwhile, in the time of waiting, the Allied forces receive many flattering marks of attention from the natives about them. People have said that the Russians and the Germans have presented the most iron front to the people; and perhaps that is the reason why it is precisely the Russian and the German soldier who receives the greatest number of presents and soldier who receives the greatest number of presents and the most flattering of native attentions. The Mandarins and the magistrates take part in this pleasant work of pacification. They play the music which soothes the savage breast; and their presents are borne about on stands by coolies, so that they may be admired by all. Meanwhile, the Mandarins hint at the value as something equivalent to the beauty.

The benevolent

Mandarins arrange a place of rendezvous, and when they arrive in their carriages they find the musicians already in waiting. The presents are made with a certain privacy, for the Chinese man in the street is on these occasions rather roughly ordered to move the control of on. Embroidery is a favourite gift; and one of the most popular designs is that which represents an old man with an old man with a giant head—a form of humour not unknown farther West. Indian soldiers, in the cold weather, have need of consolations. An Anglo - Indian camel transport camel transport was - encountered by our Special Artist at a halting - station near Peking. The camels, recum-bent, were being fed with straw. Chinese coolies got them water to drink; and looking after the coolies were the Indian soldiers, who felt the severity of the weather, and had on several occasions had the unwelcome sight

of snow.



INAUGURATION OF THE AUSTRALIAN COMMONWEALTH AT SYDNEY; PAYILION IN WHICH LORD HOPETOUN TOOK THE OATH.

PERSONAL.

At the suggestion of the King, a Committee will be formed to prepare a scheme for a National Memorial of Queen Victoria. When Prince Albert died, Parliament voted £50,000 for a memorial, and this precedent will, doubtless, be observed in the present instance.

The Right Rev. Francis Alexander Randal Cramer-Roberts, D.D., Archdeacon of Blackburn, died after a brief

illness last Saturday morning at

Blackburn. Born in 1840 at Armagh, the son of the Inspector-General of the Royal Irish Con-

stabulary, he was

educated at Rugby and at Trinity College, Cam-bridge, and was ordained priest in 1865 by the

Bishop of Chichester. Frant

was the scene of

his house



his first curacy, and he afterwards had charges at Hawley, near Blackwater, Photo. Russell THE LATE RIGHT REV. BISHOP CRAMER-ROBERTS, Llandinabo, and Archdeacon and Vicar of Blackburn. Blindley Heath. In 1878, in succession to Dr. Venables, he was consecrated Bishop of Nassau, a West Indian diocese which includes

the Bahamas, and which was an offshoot of the diocese of Jamaica. After seven years of labour among his flock of 5000 communicants, chiefly coloured people, Bishop Cramer-Roberts accepted the living of Milford, near Lymington, from Bishop Harold Browne, of Winchester, whose Assistant-Bishop he became. Later, Bishop Moorhouse, of Manchester, enlisted him as his assistant, and gave him the vicarage of Blackburn.

There is, happily, no truth in the report that the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall have abandoned their project of visiting Australia. The Duke will open the first Parliament of the Australian Commonwealth. It has, apparently, been decided that the new Prince of Wales will not be created until the Duke's return. The reason for this delay has not been disclosed, but there is clearly no basis for the supposition that the title of Prince of Wales would be allowed to lapse during the present raim. present reign.

The late Rev. H. R. Haweis, whose death oc-curred on the afternoon of Jan. 29, occupied a remarkable position among the London clergy. His tem-perament may have verged on eccentricity, but there was no denying his earnest-

ness and his desire to benefit and uplift all with whom he came in contact. He was born at Egham, in Surrey, sixty-



The first ecclesiastical appointment made by King Edward VII. is the nomination of Archdeacon Stevens to



Photo, Russell. ARCHDEACON STEVENS,

be a Bishop
Suffragan in the
diocese of St.
Albans, Archdeacon Stevens,
who takes the
title Bishop of
Barking is a Barking, is a moderate Churchman, and his appointment is acceptable to all parties in the diocese. The Archdeacon is an M.A. of Magdalene College, Cambridge, and was ordained deacon in 1865 and priest in 1866. He has held in succession the curacies of Woodthorpe,

New Bishop of Barking.

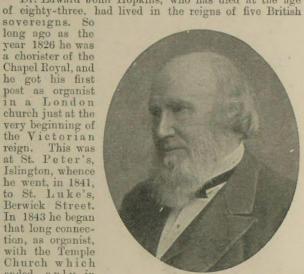
North Hants, and St. Mark's,
Victoria Docks; and has been Vicar of St. Luke's, Victoria Docks, and Vicar of Saffron Walden, in Essex. He has been Archdeacon of Essex since 1894, and was previously Rural Dean of Barking and Honorary Canon of St. Albans. From 1896 to 1897 he was Grand Chaplain of English Freemasons.

To the Prussian Dragoon Guards—Queen Victoria's Regiment—and the 5th Blücher Hussars fell the honour of representing the German Army on the occasion of the

Lord Kitchener has denied the absurd statement, made on the authority of "a British officer," that he had ordered prisoners taken in pursuit of De Wet to be shot. There is, of course, no such person as this "British officer." The most wonderful thing about these legends is that the people who invent them should expect them to alter public opinion as to British relies in this case. opinion as to British policy in this war.

Dr. Edward John Hopkins, who has died at the age

a chorister of the Chapel Royal, and he got his first post as organist in a London church just at the very beginning of the Victorian reign. This was at St. Peter's, Islington, whence he went, in 1841, to St. Luke's, Berwick Street. In 1843 he began that long connec-tion, as organist, with the Temple Church which ended only in 1898. During



Photo, Russell THE LATE DR. E. J. HOPKINS,

that period of over half a century

Dr. Hopkins made the Temple Church the haunt of lovers of English music, and was himself the composer of a number of well-known anthems and hymn-tunes.

Mendelssohn was the only

foreign master under whose influence he allowed himself to come; and he was the first to play the famous "Wedding March" as an organ voluntary.

From one of Lord Roberts's despatches it appears that he was asked June by General Buller what terms should be offered to Christian Botha, who was apparently not unwilling to surrender at Laing's Nek. Lord Roberts demanded un-Lord Roberts demanded un-conditional surrender. Sir Edward Clarke says this destroyed an opportunity of making an honourable peace. There is no evidence that Christian Botha had any authority to make terms, or that Mr. Kruger was any more disposed to abandon the independence of the Transvaal than he is now.

Mrs. Nation, who has led the crusade of drinking-bar smashers in Kansas, threatens to visit New York and Chicago. Her ultimatum to the publicans of those cities demands the closing of their saloons. How is the American Constitution going to suppress this Nation?

Mr. John Cordy Jeaffre-

son, whose death at the age of seventy is announced, leaves behind him a record of industry in the shape of a goodly shelf-full of books of biographical and gossipy interest. After leaving Pembroke College, Oxford, he acted for some years as lectures





Photo. Elliott and Fry. THE LATE MR. J. C. JEAFFRESON,

His first achievements were in fiction; but when, in 1860, he produced his "Book about Doctors," he was at his happiest, and most successful as an author. To the same class belong his "Book about Lawyers" and "Brides and Bridals." Rather more ambitious in their titles and their scope were "The Real Lord Byron" and "The Real Shelley"; but they were widely read and with real interest. Of course, he wrote his "Recollections." A revised edition of "Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson" was the latest of the long list of publications catalogued under his name. the long list of publications catalogued under his name.



GERMAN MILITARY REPRESENTATIVES AT QUEEN VICTORIA'S FUNERAL: COLONEL W. H. H. WATERS (M.V.O.), MILITARY ATTACHÉ AT BERLIN, AND OFFICERS AND N.C.O.'S OF THE 1st (QUEEN VICTORIA'S) DRAGOON GUARDS AND THE 5TH BLUCHER HUSSARS, OF WHICH KING EDWARD IS COLONEL-IN-CHIEF.

two years ago, and graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge. Between hisentrance at the University and taking his degree, he tra-velled in Italy, and took part under Garibaldi in the struggle for Italian independence. He was present at the siege of Capua, where he had a remarkable escape from being killed. Returning to this country in 1861,

THE LATE REV. H. R. HAWEIS,
Of St. James's, Marylebone.

I.ondon. The following year he received priest's orders, and became curate at St. Peter's, Stepney, whence he removed, after two years, to the parish of St. James the Less, Westminster. In 1866 he received the perpetual the Less, Westminster. In 1866 he received the perpetual curacy of St. James's, Westmoreland Street, Marylebone, a charge which he held till his death. Mr. Haweis, although an eloquent and popular preacher in a style peculiarly his own, was perhaps best known as a musical amateur. wife, who died about two years ago, was a daughter of Mr. T. M. Joy, the portrait-painter.

Queen's funeral. The officers and non-commissioned officers selected for the duty were under the command of Colonel von Rauch, and, it will be remembered, rode immediately after the arrange fundal Prince To the Colonel von Rauch, and Prince To the Colonel von Rauch, and Prince To the Colonel von Rauch and Prince To t diately after the group of royal Princes. King Edward VII. is Colonel - in - Chief of the latter regiment. Colonel W. H. H. Waters, who is included in our photograph, acts as Military Attaché at Berlin, and is a member of the Victorian Order.

Milan, ex-King of Servia, is dead at the age of forty-seven. When he was a Sovereign, he gave the Concert of

Europe more trouble than any other potentate of his size. His quarrels with his consort, Queen Natalie, were for years. That injured woman left him at last, and took her son, the present King of Servia, with her; but Milan abducted young Alexander, and then crowned the comedy by abdicating. Diplomatists are not squeamish, but they could not stand such vaga-ries, and Milan received nothing



THE LATE EX-KING MILAN OF SERVIA.

but the cold shoulder from the European Chancelleries. With self-control his career might have been very different.

THE STATE COACHES OF TWO QUEENS.



THE STATE COACH OF THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND: THE BRIDE'S PROCESSION EN ROUTE FOR THE GROOTE KERK, FEBRUARY 7.



ANNETTE DE VIROFLAY.

By MAARTEN MAARTENS.

Illustrated by Balliol Salmon.

NNETTE DE VIROFLAY married her cousin René of the same name. They were both orphans: the education of both had been pretty well neglected. Both were dependent, in every sense of the word, on their grumpy, stingy, harmless old grandfather, and, although René had been at a boarding-school, and Annette in a convent, all through the greater part of their childhood. yet they must have seen a good deal of each other during the holidays in the dull old house which the dull old gentleman inhabited close to Nancy. Nobody ever knew much about them or what they did, but everybody knows that, when she was nineteen, and he was twenty-one, their grandfather wrote to each of them and told them to come home and live with him. Whereupon they both started, he from a provincial university, where he was studying law, and she from her Paris convent-school, both arriving on the same October night, in wind and rain, at their grandsire's door, within a few hours of each other.

The old gentleman received them very graciously, and settled himself between them, grumphing and chuckling in turns. They, realising a certain grown-upness, were awkward in his presence, and still more awkward when

alone. The only near relations they had, a couple of venerable aunts, grandpapa's sisters, cried out against the arrangement, inexpressibly shocked. But their cries did not reach grandpapa, who had told them fifty years ago that he intended all his life long to shock them. "I shall consider it my highest duty to shock you," had said grandpapa, and, really, the Recording Angel, though he may not have approved of the means which grandpapa employed, can hardly have disapproved of the end he had in view.

"I do not care a brass farthing," said grandpapa, "what anybody thinks about me or anybody else. All my life long I have made it a rule to do exactly as I chose, or, if you prefer, exactly as I thought right. It is the same thing: the expression depends upon whether you are a hypocrite or not. I have found my system answer very well. It requires a good digestion, freedom from sensitiveness, and an independent income."

"My dear children," said grandpapa, shifting a little skullcap he wore, "I have sent for you that you might cheer my old age. I have done a great deal for you, and now my turn has come. René will look after things, and read me the newspapers. Annette will also look after things-other things-and warm my slippers. We shall be a very happy family."

Both young people looked submissive.

"My health is very good," said grandpapa, "but I am beginning to feel my age, and I am lonely. The servant who did everything for me is dead, as you know, and the young man whom I now have is a fool. He cannot even brush my clothes, René."

"Do you expect me, Sir, to brush your clothes?" said René.

"Well?" replied the old man, closely watching his they giggled, but that was distinctly untrue. And they grandson with his ferrety eyes. Annette made a quick sign to her cousin behind grandpapa's back.

"I shall be very glad to do it," said René.

"Right!" exclaimed the old man, hugely pleased. "I should have turned you out of the house to-night, young man, if you'd given me any airs! But I don't expect you to brush my clothes: I only expect you to scold that idiot

if he doesn't. I can't scold any more: I'm too old. Ah me; how I could scold!" He sighed. "Sometimes I have thought it was my scolding killed Pierre. But I don't believe it. It was indigestion did it. Plums.'

"We will do all we can to make you comfortable," said

"My dear, your intentions are laudable. A woman can't do much to make a man comfortable, but I've no doubt you mean well." He knocked the ashes out of his pipe. "Now, I remember you don't like smoke?

"Henceforth I like it," replied Annette, bravely winking her eyes.

"Admirable! Admirable!" said grandpapa; "It's too good to last, but it's an excellent start.

However, it lasted. For several months the two grandehildren devotedly tended the sickly old man. The cousins got on very well together by looking at the funny side, and this attitude also enabled them to endure what was really in many ways a very trying time. Both of them had plenty of humour in their composition: their bright young faces were always ready for a laugh. Grandpapa, whose temper was often as short as his breath, used to say

and discovered that no banging at the door would ever again disturb the sleep of Grandpapa Viroflay.

So these two children cried, and sent for the doctor: The doctor having been, and having informed them that "the deceased had died from failure of the heart's action," they cried still more, and sent for the notary. The notary produced a will, dividing all the dead man's estate in two equal shares between his grandchildren, with a pretty little codicil at the end about their care of him. The notary told them he thought there must be about a million francs, and the chi'dren cried yet more. One of them went to stay with the doctor's wife, and the other with the notary, till after the funeral was over.

At the conclusion of that interesting ceremony the heir and the heiress remained behind in the uninhabited house. Having seen the last guest depart they looked at each other awkwardly, and blushed. The notary had asked René what they intended to do, and René had replied that really he did not know. René had inquired of the notary where the money was, and the notary had told René that really he didn't know either.

"I have the keys," said René, who had taken them out

of the dead man's pocket. He shuddered slightly at the thought of the dead man's garments now. "Supposing we go upstairs and look.

"I would rather begin down here," replied Annette, with a little shudder too. So with hushed footfall and hushed voices they began wandering from cupboard to cupboard. But they knew the contents of these. Those contents were quite uninteresting.

"Come, nonsense; he isn't there," said René with the roughness of agitation, and pushed into grandpapa's room and up to the cupboard which grandpapa always kept locked. He turned the key twice-a strong lock it was-and drew the door open. A pile of papers fell forward, almost upsetting him. A couple of others came toppling and slipping amid an avalanche of scrip and bonds of all sorts. Annette and René sat down suddenly on the floor.

The April sun poured through the muslin - curtained windows into the dusty room. On the floor in the golden light sat the two Viroflays, neither of whom had ever owned more than a hundred francs at a time, amid a deluge of nineteenth-century

"All that paper - is it money?" whispered Annette.

"I believe so," said René.

"Nobody ever spends as much as that," said Annette.

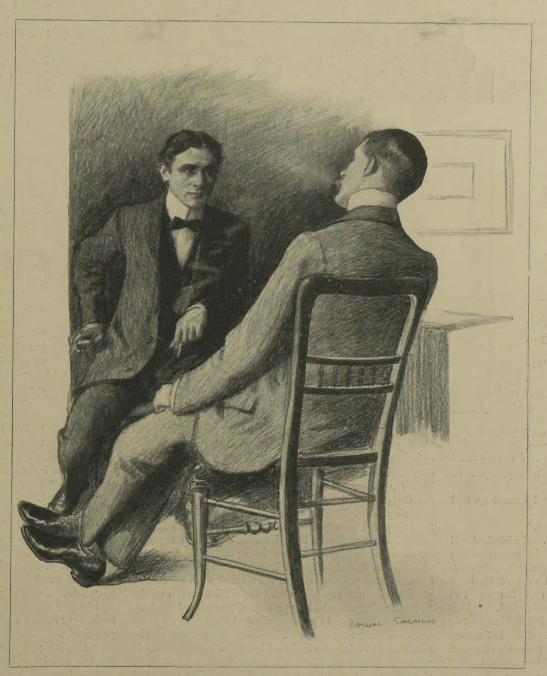
"Nobody ever could," said René.

And he dabbled among a little lake of crimson-coloured papers, letting the silken tissue crackle between his fingers. She watched him with much interest. All the colours of the rainbow were around them : blue and green and purple, yellow and violet and gold. They had no idea what the difference was or what the

value, but soon both of them noted the ciphers-500 fr., 1000 fr. of the nominal emission, and suddenly those ciphers brought home to both the fact that they were rich.

"Half of it all belongs to you and half belongs to me," said René.

"It would never be possible to separate our shares," replied Annette.



Hector sat up and opened his eyes.

even spoke kindly of grandpapa behind his grumpy old

One fresh spring morning the master of the house did not come down to breakfast. The stupid boy, who was still stupid in spite of René's bright scoldings, reported that, having banged at the door and received no answer, he had concluded Monsieur to be still asleep. René went upstairs,

- "Nothing would be easier," said René, with increasing confidence. A long silence ensued.
 - "But why should we do so?" said René.
- "Why, indeed? You can keep it for us both," answered Annette.
- "I? I could never do that. I should never sleep a night. But we can give it to the notary to keep, and spend as much of it as we want together.'

"Oh, I should not want much of it to spend!"

"Spend as much of it as we want together, Annette." His voice was very low, and it shook. They looked into each other's faces. He, drawing his hand from among the papers with a crackle, seized hers. And so they

"It is very wrong," said Annette, half crying, "in poor dear grandpapa's room."

"It will save a lot of trouble and expense with the notary," replied René, "and grandpapa would have been sure to have liked that."

They got married as soon as they decently could, and they went to live in grandpapa's house. The notary, who saw they were very inexperienced, let them have as little money as they needed. So they lived on for more than a

year in perfect happiness, and they had a little René. Grandpapa's sisters (who were very well off) even came to see them, and showed no malice. They took warmly to little René (they maintained he was like grandpapa), and they declared to Annette that they liked her, but they told René, to her extreme indignation, that they thought him a bit of a fool. It would be untrue to affirm that Annette shared the old ladies' opinion, but certainly she need not have shown herself so excessively offended, if the charge had been altogether as outrageous as she averred.

When Hector de Viroflay went to see them, he said they were turtle-doves. But Hector de Viroflay is no judge, for with him all that sort of thing is mock-turtle. He is a distant cousin, by-the-bye, of the young couple: he had been at school with René.

"Perfectly idyllic," said Hector, smoking a cigarette, "and so cheap! You are a lucky man, René.'

"I am," replied René.

"Though why you should make it so cheap goodness only knows! Some men like saving money. Your grandfather did."

"I don't," said René. "I hate saving money, putting it by. Money is made round that it may roll, I always say. spend whatever the notary gives me.'

Hector sat up and opened his big eyes. "Oh, delightful!" he exclaimed, "and then you ask for more!"

"Oh, no," replied René uncomfortably, "he would not like me to do that."

"Would not like? But the money is yours. What on earth, do you mean about not saving money? Your grandfather left about a million. You can't spend more than a third of your income here!'

"I don't know. I don't know anything about money, except that I like spending it. What do you think I ought to do?'

"Take away your money from the notary at once," replied Hector, with great decision. " People who leave their money with lawyers always, sooner or later, awake to find themselves penniless.'

"Now you say it, of course that is true," admitted René, keeping down his agitation,

"though I could never believe it of our notary-"People never believe it of their notary," put in

"But I grant you it is so. However, I cannot go and take it away from him to-night.'

"No, but you can to-morrow morning."

René turned hot and cold at the idea. He blushed and paled a good deal more, all the same, in the notary's office next afternoon. It was a very uncomfortable interview, he thought. The suave and practical man of business (whose conscience was clear in spite of his suavity) expressed a satisfaction he could not possibly feel. "It is right that you should manage your own affairs, Monsieur de Viroflay," he said; "of ever you should get tired of money matters, let me look after yours sooner than a stranger. Good-bye." Red and embarrassed, but triumphant, René emerged into the street, where Hector was waiting for him. "Honestly," he said, "and to tell you the truth, Hector, I often quite longed for a sight of those exquisitely printed coloured things.

"Of course," replied Hector; "I can't think why you didn't ask for them sooner."

"Oh, Annette always said they were just as well at the notary's."

"What does a woman know of money matters?" exclaimed Hector

"What indeed!" cried René.

"What indeed?" said Annette, when they propounded her this conundrum. She thought the papers might just as well have been left at the lawyer's: now they would have to buy an iron safe for them, and that was an unnecessary expense. Hector immediately pointed out to her that the lawyer's percentage came much more expensive, and she said humbly, after slow thought, that was true. She knew nothing, as they said, about finance.

But she hailed with the same exultation as René the suggestion by Hector that they should leave this dull town and establish themselves in Paris. They were young, they were good-looking, of good blood and good fortune-in fact, it was absurd that they should stick on down here. When they came to think it, it was: Annette felt ashamed, even to herself, of some sneaking regrets for her pigeons, a particular corner in the garden (caterpillars), the pussies (they grow into cats), even the pigs. This anti-climax convinced her of her own foolishness. They would have plenty of acquaintances in Paris, and Hector would introduce René wheresoever he desired-Hector knew everybody: half a dozen years ago he had made his début in society with that unfortunate affair about Diane de Bragade.

To all parties the first weeks in Paris were highly



She bought things right and left.

enjoyable. The little family had taken a house of their own at Paris in the Avenue Martin, so as to be near the Bois, for Baby. Annette took Baby and his Nounou to see Guignol in the Champs Elysées, and, with the little fellow's yells of delight in her ears, she told herself what fools they had been to remain in the country. She herself enjoyed Paris with all a Frenchwoman's graceful capacity for innocent enjoyment, and being a Frenchwomanmoreover, a Frenchwoman of birth and wealth-she easily assumed the position she was expected to fill. Hector piloted René into two good clubs, the "Mirlitons" and the "Moutards" ("singularly appropriate," murmured Hector), and into men's society generally. And soon both of them went wherever they chose. They chose a good deal. The aunts wrote to Annette and sent her some introductions to very old people of the Faubourg. Annette went there also, alone. It was there my mother met her, and liked her. No more need be said.

So the weeks of life ran on, brightly painted, highly varnished, with gutta-percha tyres. There had been a great deal of amusement about the iron safe, which they had all gone to purchase together, including Baby. René had insisted upon Baby being sat down in it first, as their greatest treasure of all. Naturally Baby had yelled, and the salesman, a bald gentleman, whose entire exceedingly respectable existence was concentrated on burglars, had smiled with a pity akin to love.

They had nicknamed the safe "La Tante," for no reason whatever excepting that Hector possessed a rich old aunt, of whose stinginess he was always complaining. "Our aunt is more good-natured," they said; and they would gladly have made her Hector's aunt also, but this he declined. He was quite withing to use all their comforts, to eat their dinners, to drive in their carriages, to win a few napoléons from René at some card game, but he refused to take their money. "My aunt must unlock some day," he said; "she won't be able to help it."

So they enjoyed Paris, and had a very good time of it, but gradually Hector began to find that René played more than was good for him. "What a fool he is!" thought Hector, who despised though he rather liked him. "He doesn't know how to choose his recreations sensibly: that's clear." For René had resolutely turned his back on some diversions that had been proposed to him. "I won't go to anything," he had said, "which prevents my looking my wife straight in the face when I go home."

Annette, also, when the first excitement was over, began to suspect, and faintly to suggest, that they might be spending too much. René reassured her, painstakingly proving that their current expenses did not

> be their average income. When the bills came in all these fallacies were upset, with no disadvantage to anybody, for René's computations were not even correct when he fancied they were.

> exceed the sum the notary had declared to

"René," began Annette, almost timidly one evening, "could 'La Tante' let me have a new dress, do you think?"
"Two new dresses," he answered bois-

She could not understand why he blushed. "No, I don't want two at this moment; and we must not exhaust the old lady."

"Exhaust? Nonsense! Her health is all the better for a little bleeding."

"Well, I think I must have my dress," quietly responded Annette.

He kissed her and went out. She remained pensive, with her chin in her palm. When Hector dropped in presently she talked about various trifles before she said: "Hector, I want to ask you something. Does René play?"

"Of course," he answered; "everybody does."

"You know what I mean. Does he gamble ? "

"Gamble, my dear cousin? What an ugly word. He certainly occasionally plays very high.'

"Thank you," she said, "you are a good friend to us, Hector." And she held out her hand, which he kissed. He actually liked Annette, although my mother liked her.

When René came home, rather late, he found his wife sitting up for him in a white dressing-gown. He looked hot, she looked worried. "I wish you wouldn't sit up," he said; "I've asked you before."

"René," she replied, "I've been thinking. I fear we spend too much money."
"Bothering again!" he cried sharply.

"One would think you were as stingy as grandpapa! Money, I tell you, was made to spend."

"You do not deny, then, that we spend a good deal?"

"I do not. Shall we eat less meat?"

"René, you are unjust. Admit"-she looked straight at him-"that you spend too much!'

"I do not. Do you grudge it me?"

Still she looked straight at him. "Yes and no," she answered. "How much did you lose at play to-night?"

"Annette!"

"You do not choose to answer!"

"Pooh! Yes! Why not? The money is as much mine as yours. Ten thousand francs."

'And vesterday?"

"Five. But I had a run of luck the night before."

" And won?"

"Two. Annette, you are insupportable."

She got up, came towards him, put her arm round his neck. "Promise me not to play any more!" she said

"I give you the promise on one condition: you mustn't mind my breaking it."

She loosened her arm. "At least, you are honester than most men," she said a little bitterly.

"Annette, I will do anything you like for you. But, look here: I can't refuse to play. Everybody does. And, besides, what do you care? I hate a woman who is fond

of money." "Would you like a spendthrift better?" she asked.

"Yes, a thousand times yes."

She dropped the subject, seeing he was not in a mood to talk sense.

But a few days later she took it up again when he,

coming home long past midnight, found her still sitting up to receive him.

"Oh, look here, I can't have this!" he cried.

"René, you have been losing again!"

He sat down by a table. "Yes," he said, and almost banged down his fist. "If there's anything any man hates, it is a nagging woman, Annette!"

She walked right to the other end of the room, and stood with her back to him. "You will lose everything," she said in a low voice.

"Well, and if I did? But I shan't. The luck will turn, and, besides, I'm not a gambler. But if I did lose everything, there'd always be plenty left."

"Where?" she asked, turning quickly.

"The grandaunts are as old as the hills. They'll soon be a second inheritance, like grandpapa!"

"You want them to die-even supposing -"

"No, I don't. The Jews'd wait. Nonsense, Annette; you worry me into saying a lot of things I don't mean. Do leave me alone and go to bed."

She came towards him quickly with sudden resolve.

"It is your unfairness disgusts me!" she cried. "Half the money is mine! Why should you spend it all on your amusements, pray?"

"What on earth do you mean?" he cried, utterly taken

aback. "I never objected to anything!"

"Oh, I daresay not. I should think not. My few dresses and necessaries, you hardly could object to those! You can spend tens of thousands, René, at the gamingtable; and you can come home and talk about women who love money, because I faintly protest. I thank you heartily. If you like gaming, I like jewels and dresses—oh, far finer jewels and dresses than I ever had yet! You prefer a spendthrift wife! You shall have her—as spendthrift, Sir Spendthrift, as you please. I do not object to your spending your money on yourself: I object to your spending mine! Half of it is mine, I tell you—mine! I like dresses, I repeat to you, and jewels! Oh, believe me, I shall spend my half!"

"I never saw you like this before," he stuttered. "I

cannot imagine what has come to you!"

"What has come to me? The desire to enjoy while I can! Yes, I shall enjoy—immensely. There is plenty, you say, in 'Lat Tante,' if we bleed her; and afterwards there are the poor old problematical grandaunts! I hardly believe in the grandaunts."

He burst into a roar of laughter. An immense weight was lifted from his conscience. "What splendid times we shall have!" he cried. "Vogue la galère! Annette, I

must go for a bottle of champagne!"

"We can have the champagne at luncheon," she said; "let's go to bed now. It's past one o'clock." So the champagne was postponed, for the nonce, and next morning Annette almost looked surprised when René came into luncheon with a case containing a diamond necklace.

"You are right," he said; "you have far too few jewels." She was silent. "You like it, don't you?" he inquired, rather anxiously.

"I don't much care for the shape," she said slowly; "Where did you get it?"

"At Vératry's, in the Rue de la Paix."

"You wouldn't mind my changing it?" she asked.

"Oh, no," he said, piqued. But they went to the Opera together, and during the next few days she bought a number of very handsome dresses at David's and also she graciously allowed him to come with her and select various articles of jewellery. She bought heaps of things right and left. A madness seemed upon her. Nothing could be too costly for her taste in the way of trinkets. Even René after the first week drew back. "If my madness is play," he said, "yours is diamonds." She turned upon him quite furiously. "You grudge me my half," she said. A day or two after that she came to him with a couple of enormous bills—a fortune in jewels, a

fortune in gowns.
"'Tis impossible," he said, thunderstruck. "Even admitting the jewels, the dresses can't have cost as much

"What does a man know about the price of dresses? What do I know of the stakes at lansquenet? Tell me honestly—to my face—if you dare—have I spent upon these dresses a quarter of what you have spent at play?"

"Oh, bother! I didn't say I wasn't going to pay. We shall have to bleed 'La Tante!"

They went and had a look at "La Tante" together. She was very substantial outside, but inside she was wasting away. Yes, there were gaps in her inside.

"Give me the money in papers," said Annette, who still was not aware that a debenture for one thousand francs may not be worth that sum.

He refused. He had refused several times before to give her scrip, and she had to be content till he brought her the money.

"Give me my whole fortune at once," she had said one day. But that was the only time in all their married life that they seriously quarrelled. He thought she doubted his honour or something, and refused to speak to her for two days.

"What is mine is yours," he said, with tears in his eyes when they were making it up and embracing. "Buy diamonds, if you like, for every penny we possess, but don't talk as if you distrusted me, Annette."

Cortainly a madness seemed upon her, especially after Hector, very much pressed, had confessed that René's losses, as early as last winter, had been far heavier than his wife could know. Whether the time the couple were having was as fully enjoyable as René had fancied it would be hard to say. It was brilliant, certainly, and much remarked on. "You can't want another diadem!" cried René desperately. "Annette, you've no right to waste money as you do!"

She flashed out at him: "I thought that you liked a spendthrift wife!"

"So I do, but not to madness."

"I shall spend as much as I choose, René!"

"Annette-think of our child."

After that they were both very silent: he, unable to bear his wretchedness, ran out of the house.

He came back at night, haggard. He said nothing about her waiting up for him. Together they entered his "study."

"Well," she said, "can you let me have the money, René? I fear I must have it to-morrow morning."

"How much is it?" he asked in a hoarse voice.

"Seventy thousand francs. It's a very large sum—but—but—it's a beautiful thing."

He dragged himself across to the iron safe, opened it,



He sat staring moodily in front of him.

cleaned out its contents, and carried the bundle to the table. There he began counting up their value. Presently he stopped with a groan.

"There isn't as much as seventy thousand francs here," he said. "You—you have had more than your share, Annette."

"More than my share? And pray, how much did you lose to-night?"

"Not a halfpenny. I haven't touched a card for a fortnight. Ask Hector. I'm sick of it. It's ruined us. If I were ever so wealthy I should never play again."

She stood looking at him, her eyes dilated, full of the impulse she was keeping back.

Suddenly he burst out: "The boy! The boy! Our boy!" And he covered his face with his hands.

"You accuse me?" she said.

"No, I accuse myself. The fault was mine. I began

Suddenly she knelt down beside him. "René," she said, "do not be angry with me. It was a madness: it is over."

"But the child is ruined," he said.

"Not ruined. Look here. I still possess this paper. The madness was yours, my husband. It is over. See, I have done my best."

With dazed eyes he gazed at the document she was spreading out before him. It was a deed in which M. Vératry pledged himself to take back, if required, within two months, from Madame de Viroflay all the

jewels she had purchased from him, at a discount of five per cent."

"Is it possible?" stammered René. "What does it mean?"

"I did not buy them at all," replied Annette, blushing.
"It was a little conspiracy of mine: you must forgive me.
He lent them to me, so to speak, for two months, and I paid him a deposit of their full value and thirty per cent."
"You have become quite a woman of business," he said.

"And the dressmakers' bills," she continued quickly. "They represented four times the sum that was really spent on clothes. The rest was money lent at interest. All the big dressmakers do it."

"I know," he said. "How did you?"

"Somebody told me as a joke."

"But what did you want with all that money,

"To give it back to you," she said, and laid her head upon his shoulder. "I wanted to get hold of it," she sobbed, "and I could think of no other way. I saw that you were spending all the money in—at the club, René, and I knew, when you were ruined, you would stop. It was no use my asking for a few thousand francs, so I ran up bills for immense sums and you had to pay them. But the bills will only cost you a percentage, René: you can have the money back."

He sat staring moodily in front of him. She tried to turn his head, wistfully seeking his eyes.

"Tis my fault," he said; "I have deserved it."

"Don't speak like that, René, René; I don't think I should have done it but for the child."

"Nay, the fault was mine; I admit it. You could not trust me."

"I trust you so much that, the moment the madness is over, I bring you all the money back again. Take it, René; take all that is left." She pushed the paper into his hands. "What prevents your going back to the club?"

Then he turned round and caught her in his arms, and kissed her again and again. "We will take what is left," he said—"God forgive me, it is your share only!—and bring it back to the notary to keep for us, while we live in the old house at home!"

THE END.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

In his missionary sermon to London schoolboys, at St. Paul's, the Bishop of Stepney told a story of the work of the S.P.G. in South Africa. About two years ago he had sent out from St. Paul's a small party of missionaries, who are now working in Mashonaland. Their little chapel has been attended during the past year by Canadians, New Zealanders, and Australians. One of the Canadians remarked in delight at finding an outpost of the Church

in so remote a region, "Why the old Church of England is everywhere! I left her behind me in Canada, and now I find her in Mashonaland." Unfortunately, said the Bishop, the Church of England is not everywhere, and never will be until Christians at home show more zeal for foreign missions.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has sent a cheering message to the Temperance workers at Ilfracombe. "The battle," he writes, "is slow, but we are quietly and steadily winning. There has been slackness here and slackness there, but the tide is slowly rising, and we are much nearer victory than we wer."

There has been a very large demand for the leaflet published at the London Bible Warehouse which contains the

altered prayers for the royal family. As it seemed probable that the Duke of York would shortly be created Prince of Wales, very few clergy cared to spoil their Prayer-Books by correcting "with the pen" in accordance with the order in Council.

The Rev. James Weller, who officiated at the funeral of Mr. Haweis, has been for some years an occasional assistant at St. James's, Westmoreland Street. He had full charge of the congregation during the late incumbent's voyage round the world, and also on his frequent-visits to Morocco and Algiers.

The Bishop of Manchester, in a vigorous address delivered in the Cathedral last week, appealed for a Million Shillings Fund for Church extension work during the present year.

The Bishop of Natal will be in England during February and March.

Dr. Fearon is leaving Winchester College in a state of the highest prosperity. He has, indeed, been one of the most successful Head Masters of the day, and is spoken of at Oxford as likely to be the next Warden of New College. The Winchester post is worth about £3500 a year.

Canon Armitage Robinson is in residence at Westminster Abbey during February. On Friday, Feb. 22, and on successive Fridays in Lent, Canon Gore will lecture in the choir on the Revelation of St. John. He has already dealt with the First Epistle of John.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND.



THE MARRIAGE OF THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND.





MANDARINS ON A VISIT OF CONCILIATION TO THE FOREIGN REPRESENTATIVES.

Sketch (Facsimile) by Mr. John Schönberg, our Special Artist in China.



AN ANGLO-INDIAN CAMEL TRANSPORT AT A HALTING-PLACE SOUTH-EAST OF PEKING.

Sketch (Facsimile) by Mr. John Schönberg, our Special Artist in China.

It is the duty of the Chinese coolies to water the cumels under the superintendence of the Indian solliers. The severe winter weather of Northern China has considerably tried the endurance of our Indian forces.

The snow does not usually lie after noon, but the cold is intense.



KING EDWARD VII. BIDDING FAREWELL TO THE GERMAN EMPEROR AT CHARING CROSS STATION ON FEBRUARY 5.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. G. ANATO.

The German Emperor, wearing the uniform of a British Field-Marshel in taken of the honour recently conferred upon him by our Socretign, was accompanied to the railway station by King Edward VII., who wore the uniform of a Colonel of the German Imperial Guard. On the platform, King Edward presented the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs to the Emperor, we shook hands with them, and said the dready knew them from their portraits in the illustrated papers. As the train steamed away, the guard of honour presented arms and the band played the Prussian National Anthem. Till the last possible moment the King walked beside the carriage, grasping the Emperor's hand offectionately in his own.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

At the hour of writing, the various foreign Princes and missions, representing their respective countries at the obsequies of Queen Victoria, have only just returned to their capitals. but the personal and political impressions gathered during their visit have as yet not been made public. Nor am I at all certain of their immediate publication. Virtually, then, the civilised world in general, and Europe in particular, have no indications based upon recent observation of the possible or probable attitude of King Edward VII. with regard to international of his revered mother, and action in perfect concert with his Ministers, in virtue of the Constitutional traditions that hedge around the throne of which he has become the occupant.

When, at the demise of the illustrious lady, the Temps described her as "the servant of the State and the permanent colleague of ephemeral Ministers," the sentence, though most happily worded, simply expressed a fact which for many, many years had been patent to every potentate and statesman worthy of the name. It every potentite and statesman worthy of the name. It implied that Queen Victoria was neither "une reine faincante"; in other terms, that she neither left the whole burden of governing upon her appointed advisers, nor that she ever endeavoured to lift the whole burden from them in order solely to carry it on her shoulders. It implied that the course mapped out for the efficient navigation of the vessel of State in home or wall see foreign waters was the enterme of home as well as foreign waters was the outcome of frequently renowed deliberations, in which the guided and the guides constantly changed places, the skipper of the craft being the only irremovable figure among the whole.

There is not the slightest reason to suppose that this time-honoured, and, to a certain extent, obligatory, system will be abandoned by her successor; and no foreign organ of any standing has as much as hinted at such a change. All are, moreover, practically unanimous in predicting King Edward's foreign policy as one distinctly aiming at peace th oughout the world. Nevertheless, there is a general impression prevailing that England will no longer stand distinctly aloof from deliberately contracted and strictly defined foreign alliances, as hitherto she has done; and this impression is unquestionably due to the spontaneously conceived visit of Kaiser Wilhelm to our shores, and his willingly prolonged stay among us.

Of course, the able journalists who wrote those comments—and some of them are exceedingly able—do not close their eyes to the blood-relationship that must have prompted, and decidedly did prompt, the hurried step on Kaiser Wilhelm's part at the first intimation of his grandmother's dangerous condition. But, like the keen observers they are, they decline to a certain extent to take that blood-relationship as a possible, or even as a probable, factor in the tightening of the political relations between England and Germany, which they suspect to have resulted from the sixteen days' uninterrupted intercourse between King Edward and his nephew. Those journalists are wise men, practically and not merely theoretically sapient, and they know that blood-relationship between Sovereigns does not necessarily entail a thoroughly cordial or even lukewarm understanding between their subjects. They, the journalists, are mainly correct in these views, for—not to mince matters—the very close rapprochement between the King of England and the German Emperor is by no means enthusiastically approved of by the majority of Teutons in their considerations of the political consequences it may involve.

Hence, it is generally felt on the Continent that there any rate, projected, alliance than mere family affection. According to the critics, it has not been, nor is it to be, contracted to knit England and Germany closer together for the purposes of mutual aggrandisement, but for the purpose of constituting a formidable obstacle to the breaking of the peace of Europe by any Power. And inasmuch two of these Powers, notwithstanding their reiterated professions of peace, are not to be absolutely taken at their word, there is considerable dissatisfaction at the prospect of an Anglo-German compact, albeit that the probable nature of it has as yet to be guessed at. But whether the alliance be merely defensive or both offensive and defensive, it will effectually prevent a European conflagration, although it will do nothing to stay the constantly increasing armaments. As for the possibility of diminishing them, that is entirely out of the question, at any rate for the present. England will probably be obliged to augment the number of her standing soldiers, besides her payel forces. Germany will have to convey out besides her naval forces. Germany will have to carry out the Emperor's scheme of creating a powerful fleet. Austria may rest contented with her present resources, for except on the part of Russia, who covets some of the Balkan provinces under Austria's protectorate, she is not an object of envy to anyone. She is, moreover, guaranteed from attack in virtue of her participation in the Triple Alliance, and so, to a certain extent, is Italy.

Both these States ought, therefore, to rejoice. It would be idle to recommend France and Russia to make them-selves equally comfortable. It is very evident that, if it be their intention at any time to fish in troubled waters, the desired fishing-ground will not be provided in the North Sea or in the Channel. Consequently the programme of the projected French Autumn Manœuvres may be regarded by England with equanimity. The operations will mainly consist in embarking and landing troops. I do not know whether that programme was virtually decided upon before or after the recent events in England. It is very certain that at any other time than this it would have attracted considerable notice from our newspapers. The embarking of troops implies the possession of many ships or the facility for chartering them; and for many years to come the French will scarcely have a sufficiency of vessels at their command to convey more than 5000 or 6000 men at a time.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor. R BURKE (Ceylon).—Thanks for your letter and good wishes. The solutions are all correct, and we are glad to learn the problems gave lutions are all con ou so much pleasure

o' D'A BARNARD (Uppingham) AND R NUGERT.—Your solution in due course, but we have το go so early to press that acknowledgment cannot always be made as soon as some of our correspondents expect.

E J WINTER Wood.—Thanks for problem, which see us correct, and is marked for insertion.

C W (Sunbury).— Problem shall be published shortly.

A N M (Sandhuist).—Your problem is correct, but too simple for our use.
Thanks all the same.

J W C .- The leading variation is sufficient.

J W C.—The leading variation is sufficient.

Correct Solution of Problem No. 2955 received from C A M (Penang); of No. 2956 from Banarsi Das (Moradabad) and C A M (Penang); of No. 2957 from Banarsi Das (of No. 2958 from E H Van Noorden (Cape Town), Banarsi Das (Moradabad), and Richard Burke (Teldenuja, Ceylon); of No. 2961 from J Builey (Newark); of No. 2961 from W d'A Barnard (Uppingham); R Nugent (Southwold), C M A B, J Bailey (Newark), Edward J Sharpe, and Dr. Goldsmith; of No. 2962 from H S Brandreth (Rome), Miss D Gregsor, A W Hamilton-Geil (Exeter), Hereward, Dr. Goldsmith, Robert Bee, G Still ngfleet Johnson (Cobham), A H (Colwyn Bay), Rev. C R Sowe I (St. Austell), Edward J Sharpe, W H Scott (Eccles), J D Tucker (Ikkley), C E H (Clifton), R Nugent (Southwold), Harry Hyde (Moseley), and Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth).

(Great Yarmouth).

ORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2963 received from C E H (Clifton), F W Moore (Brighton), J D Tucker (Ilkley), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), Henry A Donovan (Listowel), Hereward, Martin F, Shadforth, F B (Worthing), Miss D Gregson, R Worters (Canterbury), T Roberts, C M O (Buxton), C E Perugini, Sorrento, Edith Corser (Reigate, J H Warburton Lee (Whitchurch), J W Campsie, Charles Burnett, Clement C Danby, J A S Hanbury (Moseley), R Nugent (Southwold), J Thomas and E M Thomas (Exmouth), M A Eyre (Folkestone), E J Winter Wood, T Colledge Halliburton (Jedburgh), C M A B, F J S (Hampstead), Rev. A Mays (Bedford), F Dalby, W d'A Barnard (Uppingham), C B U (Oxford), L Penfold, F H Marsh (Bridport), and W A Lillico (Edinburgh). (Uppingham), C B U (O W A Lillico (Edinburgh).

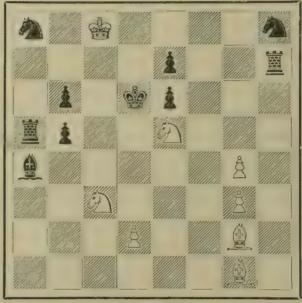
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2962.-By W. A. CLARK.

WHITE 1. It to Kt 7th 2. Q or B mates.

Any move

PROBLEM No. 2965.-By J. F. Moon.

BLACK.



WHITE White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN SURREY. Game played in the Beaumont Cup Tournament b tween

	(Giu ·cc	Piano.)	
WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	white (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	, 10.	B takes B
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	11. P takes B	P takes P
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	12. Kt takes K P	
4. P to Q 3rd		This attack must w	in. A'l this resul
5. Castles	P to K R 3rd	from Black's failure to	
Waste of time, which	ch goes far towards	12.	
Waste of time, which	is good now, or Kt	13. Q to R 5th (ch)	
to B 3rd, developing i		14. R to B 7th (ch)	
6. B to K 3rd		15. P takes P	
7. Kt to B 3rd		16. R to Q sq	
S. B to Kt 3rd		17. Q takes B	
9. R P takes Kt	P to K B 4th	18. Kt to K 7th (ch)	
10. Kt to Q 5th		19. Q to B 4th (ch)	K to Kt 3rd
Better than Kt tak	es K P, which only	20. Kt to Q 5th (ch)	
leads to a brief attach	κ.	White mates:	next move.

Game played in the match Bradford v. Manchester, between Messrs. W. Shaw and W. D. Bailey. BLACK (Mr. B., Manchester). WHITE (Mr. S., BLAC Bradford). Ma K B 4th, which gives Black

Manchester).

WHITE (Mr. S., Bradford).

2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	ne is so much in need o	r ou the Wing.sside-							
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	17. P to Q 4th	K P takes P							
4. P to Q B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	18. P (K 3rd) takes P	Q to B 2nd							
5. P to Q 31d		19. Kt to B 5th	QR to Q sq							
In this monitorium Die	Auto 77 de mila 77 o de la c	20. Kt takes P (ch)	K to R 2nd							
In this variation, Bla being still at home,	P to () 4th sooms	If P takes Kt. 21. Q takes P, threatening								
promising enough. F	to O 3rd is too	to win by Kt to Kt 5th.								
iame, but it leads to a		21. Kt to Kt 5 (ch)	K to R sq							
5.	Kt to K B 3rd	z. Kt to B 5th	KR to Ksq							
6. Q Kt to Q 2nd	B to Q 2nd	23. Q to K 2nd	K to Kt sq							
7. B to Kt 3rd	Castles	24. Q to R 5th	Kt to B sq							
8. Kt to B sq	Kt to K 2nd	25. Q to Kt 4th	Kt to Kt 3rd							
9. Kt to Kt 3rd	Kt to Kt 3r	26. K to R sq	P to R 3rd							
10. Castles	P to Q B 3rd	27. Q to R 5th	Kt to B sq							
11. B to Kt 5th	P to K R 3rd	28. P to K 5th	P to B 4th							
12. B to K 3rd	B to Kt 3rd	29. P to Q R 4th	P takes P							
13. B to B 2nd	Kt to Kt 5th	30. Kt takes B	R takes Kt							
14. Q to Q 2nd	P to Q 4th	31. P to R 5th	Resigns							
15. P to K R 3rd	Kt takes B	An adjudicated game	g, given in favour of							
16. P takes Kt	B to K 3rd	White, whose attack a	seeins to carry him							
		through. If B takes								
it seems advisab e	to bina nere I' to	be R takes B. A good	game.							

Many West-End clergymen and ministers have published their sermons on the Queen, either in parish magazines or as separate pamphlets. Some of these booklets, bound in purple and adorned with silver crosses, will be preserved for many years as souvenirs of the great Queen's death.

The simultaneous mission of the Free Churches has been successful beyond the utmost expectations of its promoters. Among the most popular missioners were the Rev. J. H. Jowett of Birmingham, and Dr. P. T. Forsyth of Cambridge. The largest congregations were attracted by Gipsy Smith at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. The striking results achieved by the mission have been acknowledged by the Times in an appreciative leading results.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

"Uncie Sam" or "Cousin Jonathan," by whichever name we choose to designate our friend across the Atlantic, is not fettered and trammelled by the bonds of conventionality to the extent exhibited by ourselves. He delights sometimes in "shocking" us (in the French meaning of that expression) by his bold and free statements of things, and is apt to regard us as somewhat played out because we do not always play up (or down) to his level. But I confess to a strong admiration for friend Jonathan when he is regarded in the light of a practical reformer. He has no "institutions" to consider, no rooted prejudices of ancestral kind which are liable to be shocked. When he wants to remedy an abuse he goes straight to his mark like a bull at a gate. For "Society" he has little respect, as an arbiter of or on things, because he himself is the author of Society. Hence he is untrammelled in his actions where reform is involved, and he accomplishes many of his aims and ends while we on this side of the "ferry" are only beginning to wake up to the need for improvement.

Nowhere do we find Jonathan more original than when he is tackling social and hygienic questions. If he is convinced that vaccination is a preventive of small-pox, there will be no conscience clauses for him. "You've got to be vaccinated, so come along," is the American spirit here. "You don't know what's good for you, but I do," says the State, "and so bare your arm, please," is the attitude of America when it makes up its mind in this particular direction. Cranks and faddists it ignores, once it has determined the scientific phase of any social or hygienic question. Here we are rather tender with ignorant people who ventilate their fads and their notions—I do not specifically allude to anti-vaccinationists—and we are terribly afraid of treading on somebody or other's toes, and of having questions asked in Parliament with the pertinacity of a MacNeill. This is a pity where national questions are involved, because we are being ruled by the mob, in place of the mob being led into peaceful and sanitary ways by their betters.

The latest American hygienic reform which commands The latest American hygienic reform which commands my attention (and respect) is a little bit of proposed legislation in the matrimonial direction. I hear that the State of Minnesota, for example, is moving in the direction of making a doctor's certificate attesting the good health of the contracting parties an essential and preliminary condition for the tying of the nuptial knot. More than this, Wisconsin is going to bring in a Bill which will carry this idea of certification for marriage a step further, in that it provides for the establishment of a medical carry this idea of certification for marriage a step further, in that it provides for the establishment of a medical examining board, which shall determine the fitness of candidates for the matrimonial state. Georgia is going to follow suit; and Tennessee and Alabama, if all stories be true, contemplate the project of regulating their marriage customs on a hygienic basis. They are going to prevent the habitual drunkard from linking his life to anybody; and incurable people, as well as the morphiadrinker and his kin, are to be similarly interdicted from matrimonial aspirations.

How America will stand this interference with what people are pleased to call the liberty of the subject I know not, but I see in the enterprise which makes such propositions even possible, another proof of that power of grappling fearlessly with social problems that characterises Uncle Sam. After all, why not certification of titness for marriage? It is only when we reflect on the terrible consequences which the mating of the unfit brings about, that we realise all that the propagation of disease about, that we realise all that the propagation of disease means and entails. Nobody I have ever met or heard of advocates the marriage of consumptive persons or the union of people with a scrofulous taint. We know that is not the ideal marriage, but, on the contrary, the most direct violation of the laws, alike of hygiene and ordinary morals. Yet, day by day such unions are contracted, and we all know the result. We breed a race of weaklings that too often are born only to die. The laws of inheritance are inexorable, like all other phases of Nature's legislative work. If the fathers eat sour grapes, surely will the children's teeth be set on edge!

Foolish persons among ourselves will, of course, sneer at the American idea. These persons have no notion of the proportion of things where it is a question of preventing the propagation of the unfit. They will tell us that people resent the interference of the State in a matter which, above all others is contribly personal official Put does above all others, is certainly a personal affair. But does the State never interfere with us in personal details? If you have a fever, will the State allow you to ride in a cab, and thus infect others and innocent persons? Does the State not accept the care of children whom their parents cannot control? Nay, more; is not the State the real arbiter in questions of the validity of marriage, which is surely as much a personal affair as the question of the physical fitness of the contracting parties?

The truth is, we are glad enough to welcome the State as a parental ideal in many ways, including the matter of looking after our national health. I fail to see any absurdity, but, on the contrary, discern a distinct advance, in the American proposition to prevent undesirable unions. Doubtless this is a reform which will come in time, when we awake to the possibilities of making life happier, and when, accordingly, we have made it healthier. At any rate, if the project of Minnesota and Wisconsin sets people thinking over the desirability of securing health above all things else, there will be a distinct moral influence exerted on intending Benedicks and Beatrices. Only medical men know the full extent of the misery which is wrought by the unions of the unfit. The Nemesis of disease dogs the footsteps of the persons concerned, and enacts the inevitable penalty for the law-breaking. But, as I have said, on this side of the Atlantic it will take many generations, probably, before Edwin and Angelina, among the legal documents which the officiating clergy require to inspect before the ceremony, will produce a certificate of a clean



Malvolio (Mr. Tree). Olivia (Miss Maud Jeffries).

"TWELFTH NIGHT" AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—ACT III., Scene 4: OLIVIA'S GALDEN.

Malvolio (smiles fantastically): "Sweet lady, ho! ho!"

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LADIES' PAGES.

Queen Alexandra is famous for her good taste in dress. She is a splendid vision indeed on those comparatively few occasions on which a great deal of jewellery and gorgeous costume are in place; but in a general way the neat hairdressing, the closely fitting gown of no outré colouring, the little bonnet—such as that "Princess" shape to which she clung for so long as to bestow her name upon it—are the characteristics of her always becoming and effective costume. In the daytime the Queen wears but little jewellery—a Maréchal Neil or a Niphetos rose or two is more frequently seen as a finish at her throat than the smallest of brooches; and even at the theatre, on a quiet visit, she wears only a few diamonds. On more than one occasion I have seen this great and lovely lady, the recognised "glass of fashion and the mould of form," wear the same gown in two and even in three successive seasons; for she evidently has the wisdom to be aware that a really well-fitting, graceful, and altogether becoming gown is an infrequent bounty to the richest of us. and one that, when secured by good fortune, ought not to be thrown aside indifferently. This good taste and restraint have undoubtedly had a good effect on fashion. In some cases, the Queen's influence has been directly asserted to check a fatal blunder that seemed to be making good its footing. A great costumier, who supplies most of her gowns of one class, told me a few years ago, when our dresses were absurdly wide, and a stiffening round the feet was being introduced to pave the way for a return to crinoline, that the Princess of Wales had sent back to him some skirts that he had sent to her so stiffened, with orders to remove the wire altogether. So we owe that escape from a sartorial horror to her Majesty's good taste; and her influence has always been in the direction of simplicity and artistic outline.

Those who would know something of the real aspect of our late Queen in her last years can do so by visiting the National Portrait Gallery, for the newly added copy of Von Angeli's portrait of her late Majesty at the age of eighty is very fine. It has been copied by Bertha Müller under the personal supervision of the artist, and is, perhaps, for that reason, much more satisfactory than a copy of a picture by the same artist representing Queen Victoria at about the age of sixty. In the National Portrait Gallery also is a very charming portrait of the Queen at the time of her accession; and the Wallace collection boasts an interesting portrait taken of her in early youth. The latest portrait of all is that poetical and impressive picture by M. Benjamin Constant, which was so much admired in the Paris Exhibition, and of which The Illustrated London News Company is publishing an engraving of great beauty.

Yet more hunt and county balls are being abandoned on the joint ground of the losses by the war of those who would usually attend, and the general mourning for the



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DRAWN BY MR. A. FORESTIER, OUR SPECIAL ALTIST AT OSBORNI.



THE MARRIAGE OF QUEEN WILHELMINA OF HOLLAND WITH DUKE HENRY OF MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN AT THE HAGUE ON FEBRUARY 7.

Diagn by Messus, A. Van Arbody and W. L. Bruchar, our Special Arbiers at the Hague.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

The Life of Ablar Rahman, Amir of Alphanistan. Edited by Sultan Mahomed Khan. (London: Murray, 2 vols., 32s.)
Shadows of the War. By Mrs. Bagot. (London: E. Arnold, 10s. 6d. Suloma, By the Contessa Prinli-Bon. (London: George Bell, 5s. Rich-lira and the Growth of French Power, By James Breck Perkins. (London and New York: J. P. Futman's Sons.
Un Phénomèue, B. B. A. Jennoy. (Paris: Hachette. Ethical Democracy, Edit d by Stanton Coit. (London: Grant Richards, 6s.)

The "Life of Abdur Rahman" is a remarkable book. The Amir's successes as soldier entitle him to a place among great generals; but it is hardly too much to say that history furnishes no parallel for his achievements as a ruler. The book naturally resolves itself into two parts. The first describes the author's campaigns and adventures, which throw into high relief the rare and singular combination of qualities that raised him to power—splendid courag, and remorseless severity, far-seeing sagacity and barbaric superstition, candour and cunning, with and hardane superstition, cannot and canning, with unbending will and influence over men. The Amir freely admits the cruelty of the laws he framed, and administered when he took his seat upon the throne; but he proves their necessity: "An iron people need an iron hand," and since the iron people have realised the inflexible firmness of the hand, the drastic penal code of Afghanistan has been tested with countries of provey. Never did has been tempered with something of mercy. sovereign of his own innate strength win order out of such chaos as awaited Abdur Rahman when he succeeded Yacoob. The country was seething with disorder and intrigue under a dozen malcontent rivals; the people knew no industry but warfare and armed robbery; and on either border were powerful neighbours acutely joalous one of the other, and believed by the Amir to be waiting pretext for descent upon his dominions. His Highness is very outspoken concerning Russia. Though he made his successful bid for the throne with the connivance, at least, of the Czar's officers [on page 126. Vol. II., he refers to himself as the "Russians' candidate"], and is grateful for eleven years' hospitality, he openly distrusts his northern neighbour; and, since the Penjdeh incident fulfilled his own confident prediction, his greatest anxiety is to persuade the Simla Foreign Office to see Russian purpose with his eyes. He admits the obligation upon him to be friendly with us; for one thing, "it suits me and my interests better." His actions have proved the genuineness of his goodwill for Britain, but his remark that the party system is the eleverest feature of the British Constitution, enabling those in power to saddle those in opposition with responsibility for broken pledges, is characteristic. Abdur Rahman's work as a ruler stands alone. Having crushed his foes, he set to made his successful bid for the throne with the connivance, ruler stands alone. Having crushed his foes, he set to work to build up a regular system of government, with himself as chief of each department. He has established manufactures of every kind, and, with the aid of European experts, of whom Sir. Salter Pyne is the best known, is making good progress in converting the most warlike race in Asia into an industrial race. He has established ealershed to the purpose of this stabiling. schools: no more striking example of his sterling commonsense could be mentioned than his ardent advocacy of female education, which he holds essential to progress. The security of his kingdom, however, comes ever first, for while he hopes to see the day when to the security of his kingdom, however, and the security of his kingdom, however, the security of his kingdom, however, the security of his kingdom, so they have seen to the security of his kingdom, however, the security should be seen to the security of his kingdom, however, the security of his security of his kingdom, however, and have seen to have a security of his kingdom, however, the security of his kingdom, however, he had a security of his kingdom, however, had a security of his kingdom, however, he had a security of his kingdom, however, he had a security of his kingdom, however, he had a security of his his high had a security of his his high had a security of his high had had a security of high had had a security of his high had had had had high had had tourists shall spend their money in Afghanistan as they now spend it in Switzerland, he will have no railway-line within his borders-yet. We may feel that the Amir has



KIPLING AMONG THE SOLDIERS.
Reproduced from "Shadows of the War," by permission of Mr. Edward Arnold

written this book "at" England; but we close it with a genuine feeling of awed respect for the extraordinary force of character it reveals in statesmanlike wisdom wreathed with Oriental wealth of parable. These two volumes are as full of significance as of interest; they show with clearness how potent a factor in Eastern politics is the Amir, and they read us a lesson in the statecraft appropriate to the turbulent peoples of the North-Western Frontier which should not be thrown away.

Mrs. Bagot was the moving spirit in the congenial but laborious task of organising and equipping the Portland Hospital, which rendered valuable service at Rondebosch, near Cape Town, and afterwards at Bloemfontein and Johannesburg. She is not a professional nurse, but a genuine enthusiast, who went out to South Africa prepared to turn her hand to any useful work that might offer itself; and she has written her character unconsciously in the least egotistic personal narrative it has ever fallen to our lot to read. The book is a painful one: so vivid and sympathetic a picture of hospital-work could not be

otherwise: but its sadness is redeemed by frequent happy illustrations of the patience, heroism, and humour of the wounded and sick whose good fortune it was to find shelter in the admirably equipped and managed Portland Hospital. It is a strange atmosphere: the curious pride of the men in serious wounds, the proud-excitement that upholds him who knows "We beat them!" and his eagerness to describe what he saw; the shame and bitterness of those who had suffered "for nothing" at Magersfontein. Never straining after effect, the author is always graphic and convincing, and conveys the clearest impressions in a well-chosen sentence. "How quickly one noticed if a horse was fresh and in good condition, or if a man looked rosy and well," for example, is eloquent of the hardships our troops had undergone when they reached Bloemfontein. The curious contrasts of the Boer character appear in a soldier's praise of the kindness he received in a Dutch convent, in which convent the nuns had secreted an enormous quantity of arms and ammunition for their own men, while they tenderly nursed our wounded. Those who cling to the belief that the enemy did not use soft-nosed expanding bullets will be undeceived by Mrs. Bagot's story.

"Sodoma" is one of an attractive series—"Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture," edited by Mr. G. C. Williamson. It is an industrious study of all that is known of a painter whose name, or rather his nickname, has, never been much on the lips of Englishmen, and whose works are more poorly represented, perhaps, than those of any other amongst his equals at the National Gallery. To see Bazzi as he is, it is necessary to look for him not only at the Uffizi at Florence, whither they have transferred his beautiful "Saint Sebastian," but within the hill—built walls of Siena, where the local painter achieved his masterpiece in honour of the local saint. Bazzi's group of the "Stigmata of Saint Catherine of Siena" has a beauty and sincerity that the art-handbooks, which treat the elegance of the "Saint Sebastian" tolerably well, always disguise and caricature. Each new-comer must have a happy surprise before Bazzi's ecstatic Catherine in the Sienese Church of Saint Dominic. Bazzi was a painter of very mingled schools. It is hardly possible for the Milanese, the Roman, or the Tuscan specialist to claim very much of him; and his mingled history as a tentative artist, an unpopular man, and a wanderer, Madame Priuli-Bon traces from slight materials, but to very good effect. She has evident knowledge of the schools, and has not spared study. Moreover, her book is very well and amply illustrated, and as a contribution to the detailed history of early sixteenth century art it is distinctly valuable. We must, however, take exception to some laxities of language, which do injustice to her severity as historian. "The same which," for example, is not English; nor is "while thus ill . . . his enterprising pupil became possessed of the master's keys." In the bibliography the author has been so ill-assisted that seven mistakes in French and Italian appear in a couple of pages.

Mr. James Breck Perkins, one of the most painstaking and accurate of American historians, already favourably known as the author of "France under Mazarin," adds in his careful and, within certain limits, exhaustive study of Richelieu, as man, churchman, and statesman, a real contribution to the records of a most fascinating, if transitory, period of French history. As those interested in Richelieu are aware, the literature dealing with him and with his times is exceptionally voluminous; but this, far from making Mr. Perkins's task the easier.

has obviously made it the more difficult, and he may be complimented on the clear directness with which he has achieved the portraiture of his hero. The story of Richelieu is the story of France under his government. Mr. Perkins devotes his first chapter to the state of the country as it was in the days which just preceded the famous Cardinal's public career. Many details concerning his life as Bishop of the neglected and poverty-stricken diocese of Luçon are given; and those chapters dealing with his brief Court favour, and then long years of disgrace, are exceptionally interesting, the more so that most of the minor accounts of Richelieu pay little or no attention to that portion of his life. Mr. Perkins evidently considers that Louis the Thirteenth's great Minister owed his permanent position and long favour to the fashion in which he tackled the greatest of the problems confronting France when Richelieu first took over the reins of power; for it was to Richelieu, and Richelieu alone, that the King owed the overthrow of the Huguenot party. The American historian gives a vivid and eloquent account of the siege of La Rochelle, one of the most impressive and awful pages of history. The American writer blames Charles I, and the British people for not having made more determined efforts to relieve the gallant town, which had counted absolutely on the British King's loyal word, the fall of La Rochelle and the loss of

It was the fall of La Rochelle and the loss of their fortified towns that ended the Huguenot party's existence. But at no time did Richelieu show more his remarkable statesmanship than in the fashion in which he treated the Protestant section of his master's subjects. He granted them not only his protection, but also his favour. The fifteen months' siege of La Rochelle had shown him of what stuff the Huguenots were made; and after their power as a political party was thoroughly broken, he was not averse to placing his armies under Huguenot generals, and to trusting Huguenot diplomats with his secrets. One of the most valuable passages in the book is that which describes Richelieu's plans for the colonial extension of France, and at the present time it is interesting to note that the Cardinal-statesman was the first French Minister who made a treaty with Russia. Only in that chapter dealing with Richelieu's relations with his Church is given an account of the Capuchin monk, Father Joseph, whose name has become so identified with that of the Cardinal. Mr. Perkins sums up the Capuchin's personality in

a few well-chosen words: "He was an astute and not altogether scrupulous diplomat, doubled by a hedge-priest." But he entirely denies, what has sometimes been hinted, that the Capuchin was in any sense the inspirer of his master's policy. Father Joseph was a clever instrument, and nothing more; but he was the friend as well as the servant of Richelieu, and during the greater part of the latter's career the Capuchin mank was practically French Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. The book, which is one of "The Heroes of the Nations" series, is enriched with a large number of curious portraits and prints, including a touching and little-known picture of Richelieu on his death-bed, surrounded by the pet cats of which he was so fond.

"Un Phénomène," charmingly illustrated by M. Zier, is a genuine French child's book, and recalls the early Victorian British nursery classics which attempted to



"HE LOOKED STEADILY AT M. DUVAL OVER HIS PINCE-NEZ."

Reproduced from "Un Ihénomène," by permission of M. Hachette et Cie.

mix judiciously the brimstone of moral teaching with the treacle of romance. We are not sure whether the children of the present day would not prefer something of this kind to the endless rows of volumes whose one object seems to be to amuse and to surprise the youthful reader. "Un Phénomène" tells with considerable humour the story of a thoroughly spoilt boy, the adored child of doting parents—a type perhaps more common on the Continent than in this country. How this phenomenon came to utter grief is well told, as well as the more difficult task of making credible his reformation and ultimate happiness. The book is, perhaps, more suitable for readers of from twelve to fifteen than for younger children; but even the grown - up reader, instructed in contemporary French family life, will find much to amuse and interest him in "Un Phénomène."

The nineteenth century gave birth to countless programmes for the regeneration of humanity. Doubtless previous centuries had produced schemers and dreamers in abundance, but schemes and dreams alike lacked the freedom of expression that was essential to their growth. The French Revolution, prepared by men who died years before their work bore fruit, paved the way for expression all the world over of the democratic idea. Freedom and government of the people by the people for the people found their prophets, their poets, and their essayists. German thought developed theories that were as modern as their exponents and yet as ancient as Plato. Old ideas were striving in a new environment; men whose well-controlled lives would have insured a large measure of happiness under any normal conditions, devised plans for the amelioration of existing conditions that took into consideration everything but human nature's wilfulness and aversion from formulæ. In the middle of the century and in the later years, when Swinburne was singing his "Songs before Sunrise," and William Morris was giving the world a glimpse of the picturesque side of Socialism, ideas passed current that have been rejected to-day, or, at at least, modified by their exponents. Now we recognise the impossibility of forcing great social changes upon a reluctant or indifferent world; we know that human progress is necessarily slow and painful. The fascinating volume of "Essays in Social Dynamics," efficiently by Mr. Stanton Coit, who contributes a chapter on the Dynamics of Democracy, bears testimony, whether consciously or unconsciously, to the change that the latter years of the departed century have wrought upon thinking workers. We find advanced thought that never strays beyond the limits of definite knowledge and reasonable deduction. It replaces the emotional enthusiasm that served the rank and file of writers and thinkers, and was fostered by Victor Hugo in France, Walt Whitman in America, and Swinburne in England.

[Ibr a List of Books Received, see page 223.]

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By JOHN H. BACON.

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late Queen. No social functions will be seemly till the general mourning is lightened, and had it been continued for a whole year society would have come to a standstill. It is dull and depressing beyond words to see a room full of women all in black, effective as a black gown here and there amid bright colour is in evenings.

Still, evening dress must be considered, and the black materials that are suitable are so graceful and

diaphanous of texture that the gowns made in those dainty fabrics are sure to be agreeable to the eye. Attention may be invited to the merits of black China silk for making into a simple demi-toilette blouse, suitable for theatre or home dinner wear. It is very soft and pliable, and easy to construct in the full-folded fashion of the moment. Gathered into a waistband of satin and trimmed with a few folds of chiffon in which to pin brooches round the bust, it leaves nothing to be desired.

Accordeon-pleated black chiffon with a band of jet at the décolletage and for the waistbelt is another simple and stylish plan for a little bodice run up to meet an emergency. Most of us own a black silk, satin, net, or lace skirt; or if not, such a thing is a permanently useful possession. Black lace for an entire skirt is quite one of the coming

fashions, indeed; after being démodé for some years, this pretty style is being revived.

Our Illustrations give designs for black tea-gowns, suitable also for small dinner-parties, and these will be pleasant possessions after they have ceased to be indispensable as mourning. The one cut down in a smart manner at the throat has a neckband of sequin passementeric, of which also are formed the yoke-trimming, collar, and belt. The

There was a truly regal exclusiveness about the Queen of Holland's wedding-dress. The material was specially woven; it was silver tissue so fine that it could be drawn through a ring, and was laid over white glace to form a very long train, and deeply embroidered all round, from the waist on each side, with silver bullion and cord, in a design of orange-blossoms and fruit and foliage. The front of the gown was mousseline-de-soie, embroidered in points round the flot with

points round the foot with silver. The décolletage was similarly embroidered, but this was almost hidden by the number of diamond brooches and decorations worn. A high tiara of brilliants affixed to the hair the long tulle veil, which was worn off the face.

A capital eau-de-Cologne of home manufacture claims attention. It is called "Luce's Eau - de - Cologne," and is manufactured in Jersey. The perfume is noteworthy

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for its refreshing fragrance and strength, and it does not evaporate from the handkerchief so rapidly as does that of many brands. Eau-de-Cologne has a medicinal value in headache and other afflictions. Luce's brand has gained a gold medal at one exhibition, and many other awards.

FILOMENA.



The Mace which we illustrate has just been presented to the borough by Mr. E. Brodie Hoare, M.P., and was used for the first time at the last council. Beautifully modelled in sterling silver-gilt, it bears upon the obverse the arms of the borough, and in an encircling band the inscription "The Mace of the Borough of Hampstead," surmounted by the initials of the borough, and with acanthus decorations. The lower part of the stem is ornamented with the English rose and crossed sceptres, merging into fluted work and oak embellishment at the foot, while the fillet of the crown is studded with amethysts, aquamarines, carbuncles, and white coral. The whole design is happily appropriate, and is the work of Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Ltd., of 158 to 162, Oxford Street, W., and 2, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

substance of the gown is black satin, veiled all over with chiffon embroidered in spots with sequins, the plain front, passing into a flounce, being either the same satin uncovered or black velvet. The other gown is in black satin banded with black velvet ribbon fastened down with jet studs; it is veiled Empire-wise with chiffon embroidered with jet.

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Signature.....

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 8, 1900) of Sir Alfred Henry Bevan, of 39, Queen's Gate, Kensington, a director of Messrs. Barclay, l'erkins, and Co., Limited, brewers, who died on Dec. 8, was proved on Jan. 31 by Frederick Lincoln Bevan and the Rev. Philip Charles Bevan, the brothers, and Arthur Thomas Marson, the executors, the value of the estate being £238.958. The testator gives £1000, and during her widowhood the use of his house and furniture, and an annuity of £4000 to his wife; £1000 to his daughter Ida; £1000 each to his nieces; and £200 to the St. Peter's School, Southwark. Should Lady Bevan again marry, an annuity of £2000 is to be paid to her. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his daughter, for life, and then as she shall appoint to her children or remoter issue, but should she marry a first cousin, a first cousin once removed, or a second cousin, she is only to receive an annuity of £1500 during such coverture.

The will (dated Sept. 14, 1897), with a codicil (dated Aug. 23, 1898), of Mr. Robert Harrowing, of Aislaby Hall, near Whitby, who died on Sept 14, was proved on Jan. 16, in the District Registry at York, by Mrs. Catherine Isabella Harrowing, the widow, John Henry Harrowing and Arthur Harrowing, the sons, and Middleton Smith, the executors, the value of the estate being £138,268. The testator gives £1000, and during her widowhood an annuity

of £250 and the use and enjoyment of the Aislaby estate, of his property in Suffolk, and of nine freehold houses in Royal Crescent, Whitby, to his wife; £10,000, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Anne Mary Crawford Watson and her children; £10,000, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Susan Elizabeth Barker for life, and then for her son Herbert; and an annuity of £60 and the income of 7, Esplanade, Whitby, to his sister Elizabeth Harrowing. On the death or remarriage of his wife he gives the Aislaby and Suffolk property to his son John Henry; and two houses in Royal Crescent, each upon trust, for his daughters Mrs. Watson, Mrs. Barker, and Helena Mary. The residue of his property he leaves to his two sons.

The will (dated Sept. 29, 1896), with a codicil (dated Oct. 16, 1899), of Mr. Charles Morgan, of 37, Sackville Street, who died on Jan. 6, was proved on Feb. 5 by the Rev. John Taylor Harding and Charles Harding, the nephews, the executors, the value of the estate being £132,250. The testator gives £20,000, his real estate at Berrow, Somerset, and his Bristol Corporation Stock to his nephew Charles Harding; £20,000 to his nephew John Taylor Harding; £20,000 to the children of his deceased nephew Henry Maynard Harding; £10,000 to his niece Mrs. Ann Jane Everett; £5000 to his niece Mrs. Parisina Lavinia Dick; £2000 each to Mrs. Mary Dale and Mrs. Lucy Harding; £1000 each to Jane Elizabeth Schofield and Norah McArthur; and a few small legacies. The

residue of his property he leaves to his nephew John Taylor Harding.

Taylor Harding.

The will (dated July 11, 1900) of Mr. Charles Collins Onley Tylden Wright, J.P., of Mapperley Hall, Nottingham, who died on Aug. 8, has been proved by Edward William Egerton Tylden Wright, the son, and John Grosvenor Beevor, the executors, the value of the estate being £87,421. The testator gives the centrepiece given to him by the workmen at the Shirecak Colliery, the portrait of himself in oils presented to him by the Colliery Company, certain plate and his collection of minerals to his son Hubert; a silver-gilt service of plate to his grandson John Talbot Maxwell Tylden Wright; £50 each to his executors; and legacies to servants. He appoints the remainder of the property and funds of his first marriage settlement to his children Edward William Egerton and Frances Mary, and his grandsons John Talbot and Guy. The residue of his property he leaves as to one sixth to his two grandsons, and five sixths between his children, his son Edward William and his daughter Ada Helen Elizabeth bringing into account the sums of £2000 and £3000 respectively.

The will (dated April 4, 1906) of Mr. Francis Walter Taylor, of Cliff House, Darfield, Yorks, who died on June 10, was proved on Jan. 25 by Miss Florence Emily Taylor, the sister, Harry Whitworth, and John Bushby, the executors, the value of the estate being £77,300. The





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Trial Tablet Williams' Shaving Soap for 1d. stamp by addressing— The J. B. Williams Co., 64 Gt. Russell Street, London, W. C. or 161 Clarence Street, Sydney. Head Offices and Laboratories,—Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A.

testator gives the New Hall estate, Darfield, to his son Douglas Lionel Highfield Taylor on his attaining twentyone; the Netherwood property, near Wombwell, upon trust, for his son Cecil Francis C. Taylor; £2500, his household furniture, and the income during her widow hood of his property at South Kirkby, near Wakefield, to his wife, Mrs. Undine Fanny Sarah Taylor; and a few small legacies. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his children.

The will (dated May 14, 1897) of Mrs. Eglantine The will (dated May 14, 1897) of Mrs. Eglantine Bacon, of 26, Albert Gate, and Arlington House, East Cliff, Dover, who died on Sept. 28, has been proved by Henry Stephen Brenton, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £60,844. The testatrix bequeaths the portrait of Thomas Baring, M.P., by Richmond, to the Hon. Francis Henry Baring; £50 each to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the Dogs' Home (Battersea), and the Sailors' Home (Dover); £500 each to her executor Louis Adolphus Bernays, Adele Durantel, and Paul Durantel; £1000 to Madame Boulard; her household furniture and effects, the leasehold premises, 26, Albert Gate, and the use of her house at Dover, to 26, Albert Gate, and the use of her house at Dover, to

Bertha Calmar; and other legacies. Her residuary estate is to be held, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to Bertha Calmar and Margaret Thorpe, and the survivor of them, and then for the Hon. Francis Henry Baring absolutely.

The will (dated June 6, 1878), with two codicils (dated Feb. 7, 1883, and Jan. 6, 1898), of Sir Francis George Manningham Boileau, Second Baronet, of Ketteringham Park, Wymondham, who died on Dec. 2, was proved on Jan. 30 by Sir Maurice Colborne Boileau, Bart., and Raymond Frederic Boileau, the sons, John Gerard Cobb and Thomas Hugh Cobb, the executors, the value of the estate being £51,537. The testator gives all his real and personal estate to his wife, Dame Lucy Henrietta Boileau, but should she predecease him, then to his eldest son.

The will (dated April 8, 1891) of Mr. Charles Alexander de Selincourt, of Eversley, Bedford Hill, Balham, and 16, Cannon Street, E.C., who died on Nov. 24, was proved on Peb. 4 by Mrs. Theodora Bruce de Selincourt, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £49,176. The testator gives £500, his leasehold residence,

with the effects therein, carriages and horses, to his wife; an annuity of £100 to his sister Mrs. Jane Holloway and the goodwill, stock-in-trade, plant, etc., of his business of a silk-merchant as to two thirds to his son Martin Robert, and one third to his son Charles Wilfred. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife during her life or widowhood, and then for all his children. Should Mrs. de Selincourt again marry, an annuity of £200 is to be paid to her.

For nearly two hundred years the firm of Gautier, of Aigre, near Cognac, has been famous for the excellence of its brandy. The business of the house is always extending, and its excellent marketable commodity is known throughout the world. The British connection of Gautier dates from the beginning of the Victorian era, and to-day the firm has one of the largest bonded stocks of any shipper in London, Liverpool, Dublin, Gloucester, and Hull. The value of this taken in round figures is upwards of £20,000. The motto of this ancient and honourable house has been said to be: "The very best vintage brandy."

Among the great number of readers of The Illustrated London News must certainly be a great many with whom a Kodak Camera is a constant companion. These artists have certainly greeted with pleasure the new Folding Pocket Kolak No. 3, which combines all the better qualities of the other Kodaks. Its small size, combined with the possibility of focussing the lens for near objects, renders it, no doubt, the most efficient "Pocket Kodak" in the market. To the large number of amateurs who wish to make pictures in the winter season, and on a somewhat gloomy day, it will certainly be of great interest to learn that these new Kodaks can now be obtained fitted with the best photographic lens in existence, the Goerz Double Anastigmat, which enables the worker to obtain good pictures even in an unfavourable light. This lens, which is fitted to a special shutter, the speeds of which can automatically be regulated, enables the amateur to be practically independent of the weather, for the extreme sensitiveness of the Eastman film is a guarantee of a good result when exposed with a Goerz Double Anastigmat. The new shutter and the new lens are so ingeniously

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fitted to the camera that the latter does not lose in any way its wonderful compactness, and closes in the same small volume as if fitted with its original and shutter (see Illustration). The price of the Camera is, so fitted, £10 17s. 6d. To make the high standard of the Goerz Double Anastigmat well understood, we may mention that a photograph was exhibited in the last Exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society which was taken with a Goerz Double Anastigmat on a rainy day, and which showed a large crowd of people all with their umbrellas open, following a regimental band. All details, even in the shadows, were so perfectly rendered that a better picture could not have been taken, even in the brightest sunshine, with a lens less perfect than the Goerz Double Anastigmat.

These new Cameras can be obtained from any good Photographic Dealer; and the Optical Works of C. P. Goerz, 4 and 5, Holborn Circus, London, will send an Illustrated Pro pectus of these Cameras. All applications must be marked Department I; without this they will not be answered.

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The Demon The simplest of Indigestion. disorder of the stomach we term

indigestion, but indigestion is the parent of headache, constipation, biliousness, nausea, loss of appetite, wakefulness, nervousness, irritability, impoverished blood, dyspepsia, chronic diarrhœa, disease of the brain, the liver, the intestines, and the kidneys, weakness of the heart, and wasting sicknesses.

All these conditions are the OUTCOME of defective digestion, and when these conditions arise it is important to consider how the digestion of the food may be PROMOTED BY ARTIFICIAL MEANS—for the digestive process, when defective, may be assisted, just as a lost leg or defective teeth may be supplemented, mechanically.

Such an artificial means of helping the digestion has been found in Lactopeptine.

LACTOPEPTINE is so much additional gastric juice. LACTOPEPTINE contains (1) ptyalin, which acts upon the starchy matters contained in the food exactly as the healthy saliva would do; (2) pepsin, the ferment in the gastric juice of the stomach, which dissolves flesh matters; (3) pancreatin for dissolving fatty matters, including such things as pastry and butter.

Lactopeptine brings about the digestion of food, in a manner perfectly identical with that obtained under the influence of the natural gastric juice, and a dose taken immediately after eating causes the process of digestion to begin at once.

A Doctor's Remedy.

Endorsed by the Medical Press.

Proved itself for 30 years an absolute cure for

DYSPEPSIA. ACUTE INDIGESTION. BILIOUSNESS,

> HABITUAL COSTIVENESS. PALPITATIONS, FLATULENCE, DIZZINESS.

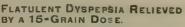
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HEARTBURN, WINDY SPASMS.

in medicine, and in this respect ranks with Quinine."
—Prof. Yandell.

"One of the certainties

"We can confidently, recommend it. "-British Medical Journal.



A doctor writes: -"After suffering severely from flatulent dyspepsia for three weeks, and trying other remedies, I was almost immediately relieved by fifteen grains of Lactopeptine (taken in warm milk), and have not had the slightest return of the almost intolerable

CHRONIC CONSTIPATION IN A MAIDEN LADY.

Another doctor writes:-

"One of the greatest successes I ever had in treating dyspepsia was the case of a maiden lady who had suffered for years from chronic constipation, and had a dilated stomach, probably owing to the constipation and the amount of medicine she had taken From and the amount of medicine she had taken From her history I gathered she must have pretty well exhausted the list of aperient and digestive remedies. Finding she had not tried Lactopeptine, I prescribed five grains with each meal, and a purgative. The result was immensely satisfactory in alleviating her symptoms. She was enabled to enjoy life without punishing he self by dosing with unpalatable medicines."

SEVERE PAIN AFTER MEALS.

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"I have very often prescribed your preparation with the greatest benefit in cases of deficient digestion, and with invariable success. In a recent case, a patient had, for more than three years, suffered from very severe pain after each meal. He had been to many medical men and had tried various preparations of pepsin. I ordered your Lactopeptine. He called to say that he had taken your preparation for about a month, and that during the whole of that time he had been completely free from pain and from any inconvenience after taking food. His health has greatly benefited."

CHRONIC INDIGESTION OF FOURTEEN YEARS' STANDING.

A doctor writes:—

"I have been in the habit of prescribing your Lactopeptine for some years, and I can only say that the more I use it the more satisfied I am that it is one of the most beneficial medicines at present extant for the treatment of durpopria. for the treatment of dyspepsia.

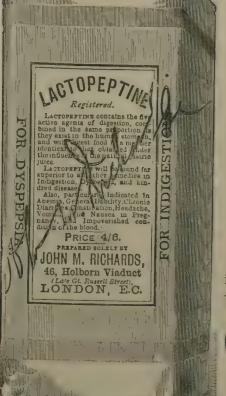
'Its remedial effects in chronic indigestion are most marked. Some twelve months since I ordered it in a case of no less than fourteen years' standing; my patient, after taking some 24-grain powders, expressed herself as feeling quite another being than she had felt for the above-mentioned period.

At all the Stores and Chemists in the United Kingdom and Colonies, Lactopeptine is obtainable in 1-oz. bottles in Powder or Tablets, price 4s. 6d., also in ½-oz. bottles, price 2s. 9d. When ordering do not ask for digestion tablets, but LACTOPEPTINE Powder or Tablets.

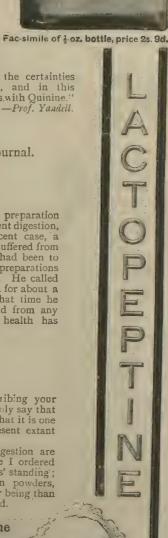
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JOHN M. RICHARDS,

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ART NOTES.

The landscapes at the Exhibition of the Society of Oil Painters show an increasing determination on the part of our painters-old and young-to go to Nature for guidance, and to learn the lessons which she alone can teach. Mr. Leslie Thomson's "Poole Harbour" is, for example, an excellent instance of the beautiful effects that can be obtained from a sunset over a homely scene. Mr. Herbert Marshall, from a sunset over a homely scene. Mr. Herbert Marshall, best known as a water-colour painter, has given an excellent account of the market-place at Haarlem and its pleasant surroundings. Mr. Ernest Parton has apparently forsaken the Thames and its backwaters for the Ouse and flat-land. Mr. Alfred Withers preserves faithfully for us the riverside at Kew, of which the changing appearance, as recorded by painters from Barrett downwards, would make an interesting collection. Mr. Frank Walton's "Holmbury Gorse" and Mr. Claude Hayes's "Witley

Common" are tributes to the beauties of nature within easy reach of the Londoner. Mr. Julius Olsson's "Moonrise and Afterglow" is more ambitious in composition, and shows how the imagination can deal with landscape subjects; just as Mr. Yeend King can show, in a Worcestershire village, how to dispense with it altogether. In sea-pieces and coast scenery Mr. Edwin Hayes, Mr. E. Brewtnall, and Mr. James Hill are always able and interesting, and among the younger aspirants mention should be made of Mr. G. Broun Morison.

To deal with the water-colour art of a century by means of a hundred painters' works is a task which might daunt any but the rash and over-daring. It must, however, be admitted that the managers of the Fine Art Society have got over the difficulty with no small credit. Starting with Cozens and Sandby, who may be regarded as the founders, in a tentative fashion, of British watercolour painting, we are brought by easy stages to Sir James Linton, who has probably carried further than any the limits of this art. None of the earlier painters in this medium ever dreamt of the effects which might be achieved by those who resorted to "body-colour" to give a stiffening to their work.

The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York announce the following information relative to the business of the company as at Dec. 31, 1900. The amounts are stated in round numbers, but the exact figures will be presented as soon as the accounts are submitted to, and passed by, the Board of Trade: Assets, £66.889.000; Liabilities, £55,275,000; Guarantee Fund and Divisible Surplus, £11,614,000; Receipts, £12,440,000; New Business issued and paid for, £36,140,000; Insurances in force, £234,393,000; Payments to Policy-holders, £5,413,000.

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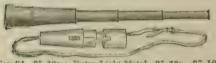


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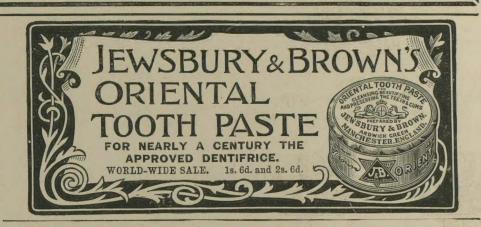
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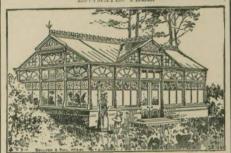
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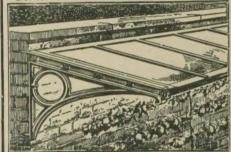
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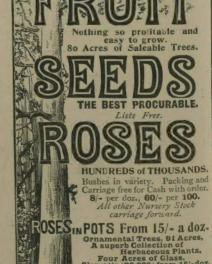
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LONDON: Printed and Published at the Office, 198, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of London, by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., 198, Strand, aforesaid. - Satueday, Feb. 16, 1901.

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ANDREAS SAXLEHNER, BUDAPA

KESERÜVIZ

WADI JANOS

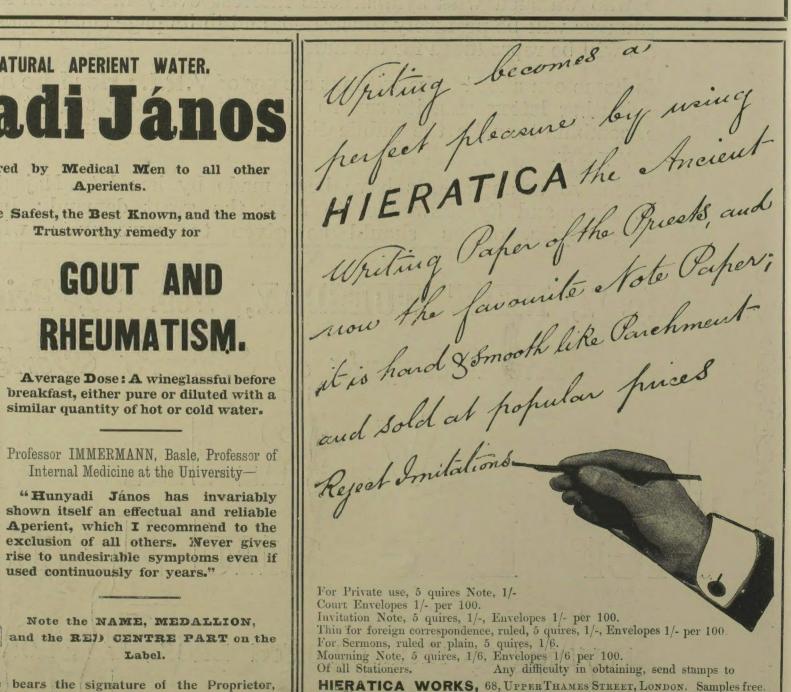
Preferred by Medical Men to all other Aperients.

It is the Safest, the Best Known, and the most Trustworthy remedy tor

"Hunyadi János has invariably shown itself an effectual and reliable Aperient, which I recommend to the exclusion of all others. Never gives rise to undesirable symptoms even if used continuously for years."

Note the NAME, MEDALLION, and the RED CENTRE PART on the Label.

CAUTION.—Every bottle bears the signature of the Proprietor, ANDREAS SAXLEHNER, on the Label.



Every Sheet watermarked

HIERATICA